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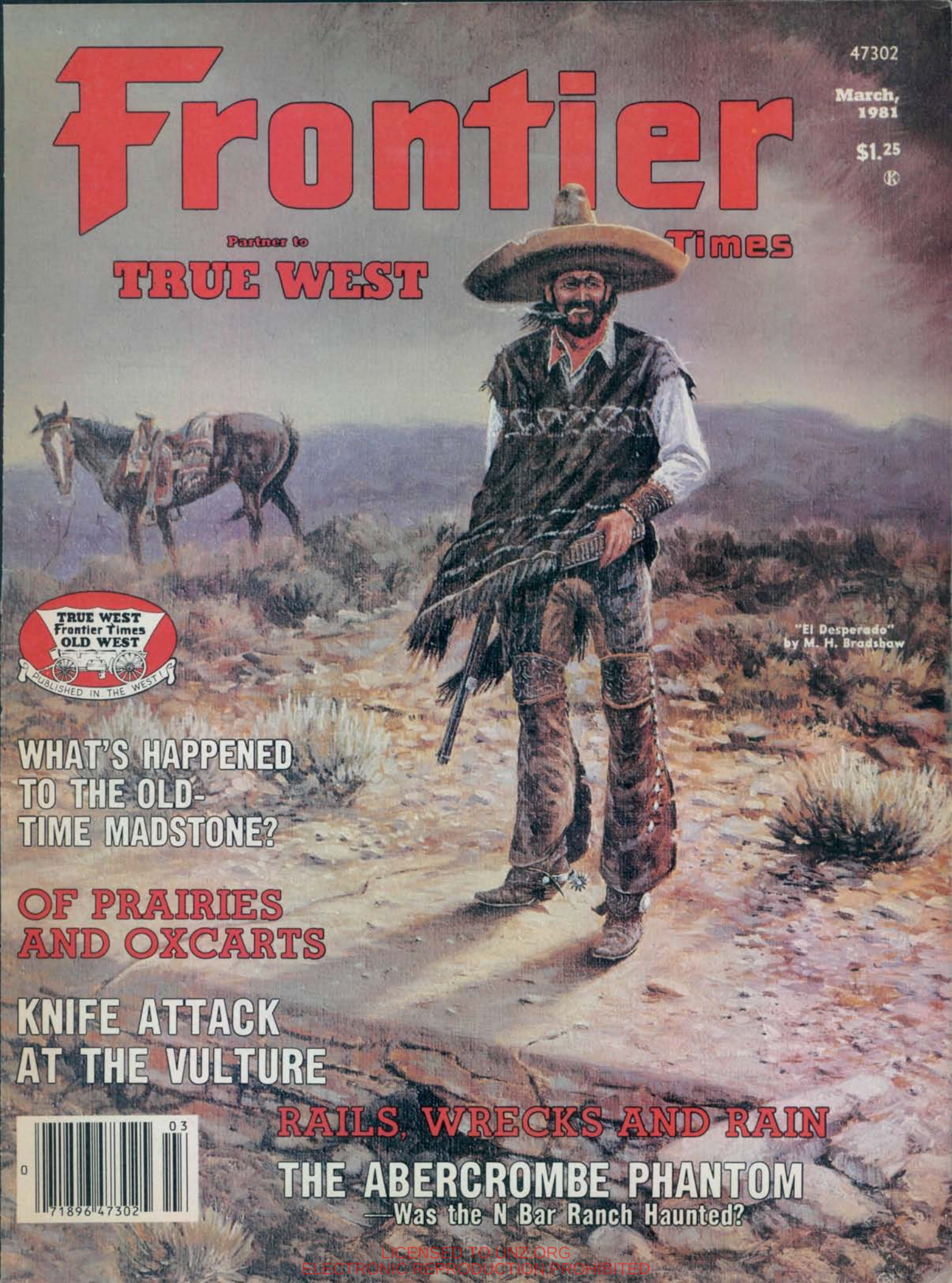

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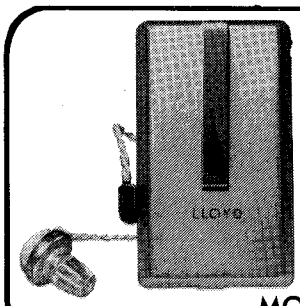

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Hosstail's "SMALL TALK"

YOU FOLKS keep me going. There are times when I get so far behind on everything I want to take all my paper work, along with my troubles, stack everything in a six-foot pile, set it afire, and dance around the leaping flames like a wild Indian after a scalping party — whooping and shouting and calling out to the spirits to put a curse on any troubles that might be heading my way. Wouldn't that be fun? Also, it might land me in the nut house.

Your letters definitely would not be in that pile! I couldn't answer all of them if I could write with both hands at the same time, but I want you to know how much I appreciate the time and effort it takes to put your thoughts on paper and head them this way. I want to share a few with you right now.

Why don't we ever hear anything about the madstone anymore? Of course, it is completely outdated, but it played such an important and fascinating role in the mad dog days of yore that it still fascinates me. An old letter from Mrs. G.H. Bryan of Wall, South Dakota, reads: "Years ago my dad told me about one of his uncles being bitten by a mad dog. The family sent to Minnesota for a madstone. It was applied to the bite on the shoulder. It was supposed to draw the poison out, then fall off. Each time it fell off, they dried it out and used it over and over until it wouldn't stay on any longer.

"The uncle didn't get hydrophobia, and when the stone was on his shoulder, he chopped wood and worked right along."

There are always letters about skunks. F.J. Schmitt, Joyce, Washington, also wrote me a long time ago — I have been going over some old letters today. "I have often heard that a skunk couldn't fire his artillery if his back feet were off the ground. But let me tell you a story.

"Back in 1930 I went into the skunk-hunting business with a buddy of mine named Don. You could buy a box of fifty .22 shorts at about 15¢ a box. Skunk hides brought up to $1.50 each and there were a lot of them which fed at night along the beach of San Juan de Fuca Straits nearby home.

"To keep hides intact, we used a dog to distract the skunk's attention while we made a side attack and clubbed them. We tried not to shoot an animal unless absolutely necessary since it damaged the hide. One night the dog, after three doses of perfume, ran home. The next skunk we saw, ducked his head under one edge of a log, leaving only his rear end exposed. We'd heard a skunk couldn't fire with his rear end off the ground, so I slipped up behind the log, grabbed his tail and lifted him into the air. Don rushed in with the club — and was met head-on with a direct hit in the face. I can still hear him hollering as he dove into the cold, salt water, frantically washing his face.

"I was left holding the skunk — but not for long! Sometime ago, I found out why Don was so frantic and why the dog rushed home. I cornered a skunk in our wood pile. I got on my hands and knees, moved a board and found myself facing his rear end less than a foot away. He fired — with both rear feet on the ground — and my face burned like fire. I could neither see nor breathe. It was an hour before my sight returned."

Levia V. Caston has a matter to air that has bothered her considerably over the years. She writes, "When I was a kid, I had six half-grown ducks that were *all mine*, so I had to take care of them. We had a big mulberry tree in our orchard, and I'd take the ducks out there very morning. They would get their fill of mulberries on the ground. I was one of those crazy kids who would eat anything, so I helped the ducks clean up those mulberries.

"After several mornings the mulberries played out and my ducks were still hungry. I had been told to take a tin can and go to the potato patch and pick the bugs off the plants. We'd pour kerosene on them and burn the bugs. It was a job I hated, but kids back then did their jobs with no back-talk.

"The ducks followed me to the potato patch, and when they found the bugs they went after them with a will. I sat back and watched until they cleaned every plant. But that isn't the best part — they went back every morning so long as there was a bug

(Continued on page 55)

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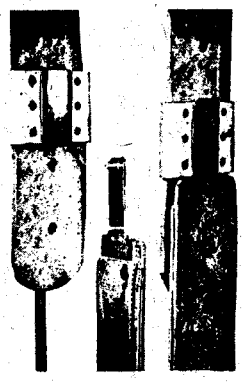

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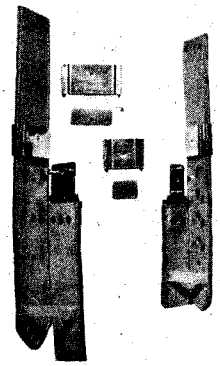

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FRONTIER TIMES

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Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Tom Anderson

I would like to know if anyone knew or has information on a Creek Indian chief of the Lower Creek Nation known as Big Tom (Tom Anderson). He had twenty children — twelve by one wife and eight by Elizabeth Yawn. If anyone has information or is a descendant of Big Tom, please write. — Louise Sessions, P.O. Box 1363, Fort Myers, Florida 33902.

Kincaid

Does anyone know the given names of Blacky and Whitey Kincaid who were outlaws? Blacky was hung in Wyoming as a horse thief. Both are believed to have been in northern Colorado and Wyoming around the turn of the century 1890-1915. Could one of them have been named Wooster? An uncle of ours who disappeared was named Wooster Kincaid.

Any help would be appreciated. — Vernette M. Guild, 1090 East 5th, #27, Delta, Colorado 81416.

Wheeler - Poplin - Long - Kent

I am seeking information on the parents, brothers, and sisters of David Potter Wheeler, born March 8, 1824 in North Carolina. His wife was Harriet Elvira Poplin, born October 24, 1824 in Tennessee. Harriet's parents, born in North Carolina, were William Poplin, born 1789, and Patience Lee.

Three of their descendants were Sarah, Samuel and Franklin Wheeler. Sarah married Frank L. Long, born September 1843 in Tennessee. Their children were William, born in Tennessee, and Lizzie, born October 1884 in Texas.

Samuel L. Wheeler was born December 15, 1851 in Tennessee and died in Oklahoma. Franklin Douglas Wheeler was born June 19, 1854 in Tennessee and married Eugenia Kent, born in 1855. Their children were James B., born in 1879 in Tennessee and married Ada; Bob B., Fanny L., Edward P., Franklin M., and Henry L. These people lived in or near Bell and Van Zandt Counties in Texas after moving from Tennessee. — J.H. Wheeler, 508 - 13th Street, Levelland, Texas 79336

Labounty

I would like to hear from anyone who has knowledge of the Joseph Labounty family who homesteaded in South Dakota between 1880 and 1890. Joseph's wife was Armeena and they had three daughters, Lorsa, Amellia, and Neeloina. Amellia was my great-grandmother. There may have been a son, Felix. Amellia and my great-grandfather, Charles Davis, had four sons: Louis (last known address was Seaside, Oregon); Joe, who died in Seaside in 1933; Bert who lived in Helena, Montana; and William Edward, my grandfather. — Jackie Davis Huntemann, 110 North 10th Street, Mount Vernon, Washington 98273

York - Wright

Jonathan York was born about 1774 or '76 in Laurens County, South Carolina (or maybe in North Carolina) and died in 1835 in Mississippi. His wife Phebe was born in 1790 in Virginia. There is a Jonathan and a Daniel York listed in the 1812 tax list of Bedford County, Tennessee. Early Georgia passports list many similarly named Yorks. The 1814 census of Alabama (Mississippi Territory) lists Jonathan with a family of fifteen. It is known that five children were born in Tennessee. Did Jonathan have a half-brother named Daniel Wright?

Can anyone help me backtrack my great-great-grandfather Jonathan York who hit the trail West? — Mrs. Roy J. Hotz, 1511 Ranch Road 12, San Marcos, Texas 78666

Colbern

The earliest known ancestors in my lineage are my great-great-grandparents, James P. and Jane Templin Colbern. It is believed James was born

(Continued on page 62)

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FRONTIER POST

Fudge

I have been reading some back issues of *Frontier Times* and have discovered a name that could be an uncle or great-uncle to me.

In the story "No Way 'Round the Rivers" by Ralph Miracle in the July 1976 issue, I found the name Bob Fudge. My father was Jasper Newton Fudge and my mother was Lucy Ellen Ridgeway Fudge. I never met any of my father's people and don't know my Grandfather Fudge's name. If there are any of Bob Fudge's relatives around I would like to hear from them. — Mrs. Flora E. Nork, 8414 S. Central Avenue, Phoenix, Arizona 95040

The Horse Killers

Back in the twenties and thirties before the gas tractor and farm truck became popular we farmed our land and hauled our grain with horses. We had a lot of them then, and more miles of railway than we have now. Usually we worked all our horses that were workable during the summer months and a few in the winter. The rest we turned out on the open range or to feed at the many straw piles.

But in the northern states and in the prairie provinces of Canada, the weather got awfully cold. In central Saskatchewan I have often seen it 60 below (F) zero. With a five- or ten-mile breeze blowing the chill factor would be close to 100 (F) below zero.

In all the years I spent there I never knew of a horse to freeze to death if there was a good fall of snow. Nature equipped these animals with long thick hair and when there was snow, they had to paw it away to get at the grass. This exercise seemed enough to give the extra warmth needed to keep them from freezing.

The thing that killed more horses then was the long freight trains and the cold nights. All railways were supposed to be fenced but the gates were left open and ice packed into the grates at the crossings that were made to keep stock out.

Plenty of horses got out on the tracks, and on cold nights they would bunch up for warmth. If the wind was from the right direction, usually they would be standing in a cut where there was some protection from the wind.

On extremely cold nights the atmosphere was always filled with frost crystals or frozen mist that drastically cut visibility. Then when the engineer was traveling with the throttle wide open and he spotted a bunch of horses, he couldn't stop his long train. Inevitably he plowed into the herd, usually killing a good number. A common item in the newspaper those days was, "So many horses were killed on the tracks east or west of such a town."

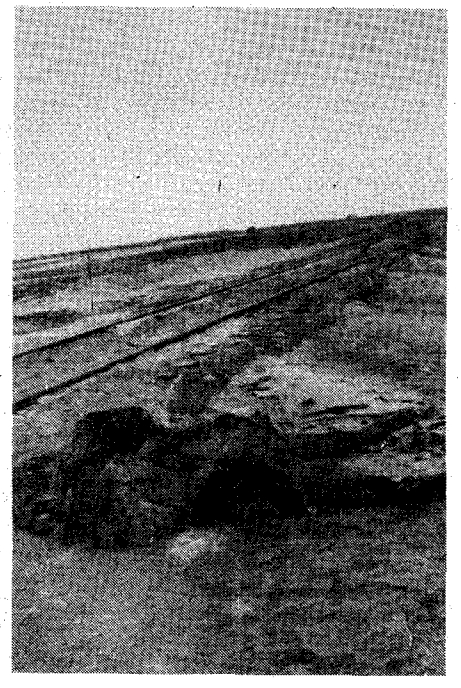
I took some pictures the winter of 1937, north of Lockwood, Saskatchewan. Seven horses were killed one night. One shot was taken of the left side of the track where three horses were thrown into the barrow pit. On the right side of the track three more lay in grotesque shape. I also photographed the remains of the horse that took the full impact of the blow and was pulled from the cowcatcher when the engineer got his train stopped.

From all appearances it looked like the seven were instantly killed, as there were no marks of struggle or movement in the snow where they were thrown. — Art Fee, Box 426, Ridgefield, Washington 98642

I-See-O Hall

Reference is made to the July 1980 issue of *Frontier Times* in which your magazine featured the story of Plenty Fires (Tahbonemah), the last of the Fort Sill Indian scouts, written by Fred Frank Blalock.

The incidents as related in the story brought back vivid memories. Plenty



Art Fee photographed these dead horses in 1937 north of Lockwood, Saskatchewan.

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Attention, Texas Readers

The Texas Sesquicentennial of 1986, Texas' 150th birthday celebration, is on the way, and all Texans are invited to the party. Preparations for the birthday are being kicked off with a statewide contest to devise an official logo — a simple and readily-identifiable symbol, or trademark, of the Texas Sesquicentennial.

The logo contest is one of the first activities of the Texas Sesquicentennial Commission. Created by the 66th legislature in 1979, the Commission is charged to "coordinate celebrations of the 150th anniversary of Texas' independence as a Republic and progress as a state." These celebrations will highlight the "historic, economic, cultural, environmental and social aspects of Texas."

During the planning stages of the Sesquicentennial, the Commission functions as a clearinghouse of information between state and local levels. The Commission will also work to encourage state, national, and international participation, to develop standards for sanctioning local groups, and to plan for the creation of commemorative products, such as stamps and medallions.

The Commission publishes a special newsletter of the Sesquicentennial, the *Texas National Dispatch.* The *Dispatch* is a revival of a newspaper published in the early days of the Texas Republic at Washington-on-the-Brazos, and will be available free of charge.

The contest to develop a visual symbol, trademark, or logo, of the Sesquicentennial is open to all Texans. Contest rules are as follows: (1) Only one entry per person; (2) All are eligible except Commission members, staff, and their immediate families; (3) Designs must be submitted on one side of a plain, white 8½" x 11" paper; (4) Entrants' names, addresses, phone numbers, and school affiliations (if any) are to be printed on the back; (5) All entries must be postmarked no later than San Jacinto Day, April 21, 1981 and the winner and runners-up will be announced on May 5, 1981 in Austin.

For further information about the logo contest, the *Texas National Dispatch,* and the Texas Sesquicentennial in general, Texans may write: Texas Sesquicentennial Commission, P.O. Box 19860, Southeast Station, Austin, Texas 78760.

Fires (Tahbonemah) was my grandfather. During the twilight years of his military career he and I would ride our horses, one was a grey horse which he cherished, across the Fort Sill military reservation during which time he related the incidents as they appeared in your magazine and many others.

The author may not be aware that on February 17, 1980 a major academic building to house the Counter Fire Department was dedicated at Fort Sill in his memory and named I-See-O Hall, the first major building so named for an Indian. — Adolph Tahbonemah, 820 Mission Drive, Anadarko, Oklahoma 73005

Attention, Rodeo People

I am hoping some of your readers can give me some information on a relative of mine who was active in rodeo back in the early 1930s.

Maxine McClaskey Henley was killed during a rodeo performance in Mason City, Iowa in 1934. I have been in touch with a former cowgirl who remembers Maxine, that she was a girl bronc rider and that she was killed while riding a bronc, but doesn't remember the particulars. Any information would be appreciated. — Curtis Oden, 1318 Washington Ave., Woodbury, New Jersey 08096

Funeral Oration

This is a note of thanks for running the full text of Brother Knickerbocker's sermon at Riley Grannan's funeral in the November 1980 *Frontier Times.* You have printed many gems, all of which I enjoyed, but this is the best of all. Dr. Dana Still, my friend and neighbor, read it and savored some of the best passages by reading them aloud. The following day he remarked that he couldn't get it out of his mind. That is a real compliment, as he is a master of rhetoric and oratory.

I have been with you since the first issues of *True West, Frontier Times, Old West* and *Hunter's Frontier Times* and have them all. — H. L. Bennett, 45 Campbell Avenue, Clarion, Pennsylvania 16214

I have read many a good book by the best of authors from Shakespeare to the classics, Aristotle, Homer's *Iliad;* Plato, Cicero, John Locke, Victor Hugo and Stevenson.

I am a retired millworker and subscribe to all your magazines so the purpose of this letter is simply congratulations, pertaining to Herman W. Knickerbocker's eulogy to Riley Gran-

(Continued on page 44)

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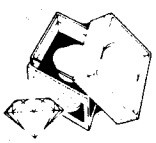

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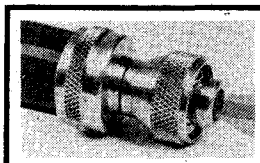

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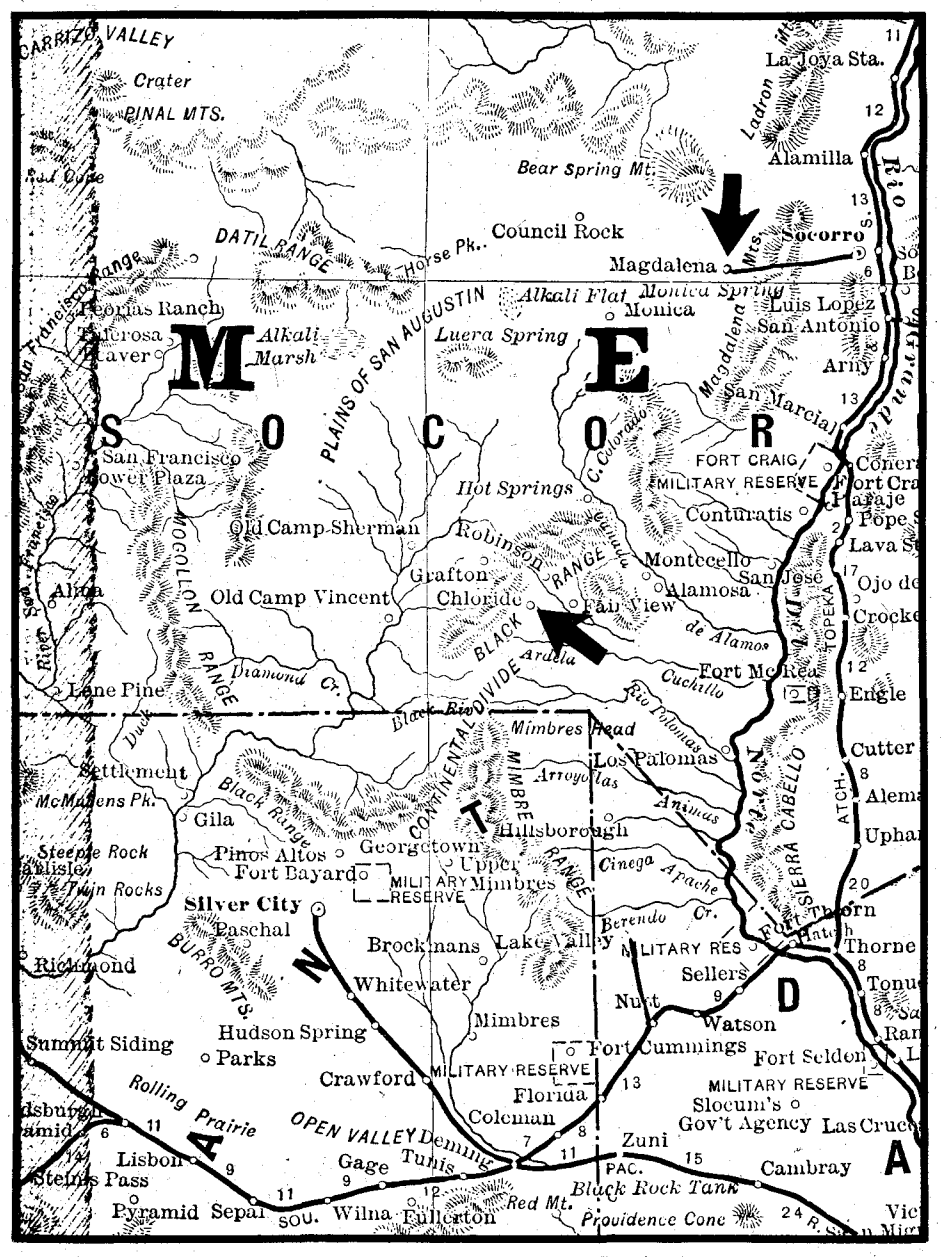
The Abercrombe Phantom

For sure, the N Bar Ranch was no place to look for laughs...

By BEN W. KEMP
Photos provided by author



From Cram's Family Atlas of the World, 1888.

Chloride, New Mexico (lower arrow) was fifty miles east of the N Bar Ranch. Joe Fowler's ranch was seven miles north of Magdalena (top arrow).

IN 1896 while we were living at the Moore place on Taylor Creek, a tributary of the East Fork of the Gila River in New Mexico, my father Ben E. Kemp received a letter from his brother who owned a cow ranch on Blue Creek in New Mexico, eighteen miles northeast of Duncan, Arizona. Uncle Steve stated that he was holding twenty-eight head of cattle, the increase on three cows that were in the herd he had trailed from Nine Points in the Big Bend south of Alpine, Texas to Blue Creek in 1887.

Dad had squatted on a tract of land covering the bottom of Beaver Creek, five miles west of the Moore place, with the intention of filing a homestead and establishing a cow ranch. Uncle Steve's letter notifying him of the cattle he owned, would give Dad a start, so he decided to make a trip to Blue Creek, visit Uncle Steve, and trail the cattle back to Beaver Creek.

On the morning of September 4, 1896, Dad loaded a light wagon with camp equipment, hitched his mules Molly and Colie to the wagon, and placed Mother and us four children aboard. We drove northwest from the Moore ranch (later known as the Staple U) to the old North Star Military Route that was established by the Army in the 1870s. It ran from old Fort Wingate near Grant, New Mexico to Fort Bayard, nine miles east of Silver City.

When we arrived at the North Star Road, we turned north and crossed Indian Creek to Corduroy Flat at the mouth of Corduroy Canyon, so named because the Army had to lay split pine logs to corduroy the marshy places in the canyon before ox teams could pull freight wagons hauling supplies to Camp Vincent located at the mouth of Taylor and Beaver Creeks.

From Corduroy Flat we traveled north up Railroad Canyon to the mouth of Houghton Canyon, where we followed axe blazes on pine trees placed there by Captain Michael Coon-

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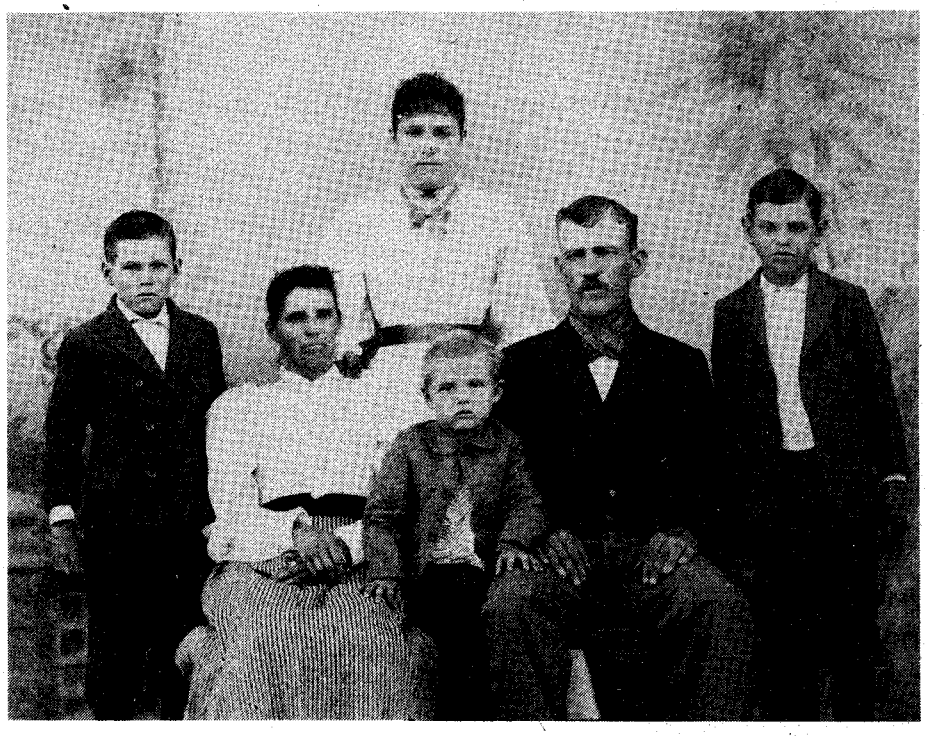
NEXT MORNING we drove to Gilita and down the creek to the mouth of Turkey Creek and up Turkey Creek to the Mogollon divide, and along the divide to Mineral Creek.

When we looked over the rim of Mineral Creek into the bottom some 300 feet below, we saw the shattered remains of a buckboard and the skeletons of two horses. Mother flatly refused to ride the wagon down the sharp incline called a road, taking us children with her, she walked to the

Left: This picture of the Ben E. Kemp family was taken on Blue Creek in southwestern New Mexico in 1896. Left to right: Julia Jane, Mary Lilly (baby), Weltha Josephine, Ben E., Beulah, and Ben W. Below: Ben E.'s brother Steve also posed with his family for a picture in 1896. Left to right: B.E. (Boss), Lou, Ollie (standing in back), Gordon, Steve, and Bill.



ey. The Captain had marked out a road right of way from the North Star Route west to the Cooney mines on Mineral Creek in the Mogollon Mountains, in 1881.

The right of way never had much work done on it toward clearing boulders or making grades. It was mostly in its original state and so rough it cut down the mileage in a day's travel. At sundown we made camp at some seep springs in Cooney Canyon, less than eighteen miles from where we started.

Cooney Prairie, south of the springs, was antelope country and at this time hundreds of them could be counted. Deer were also plentiful. Lobo wolves roamed the prairie and we heard their lonesome howls during the night.

Next morning we began following the blazes on the pine trees which led up Cooney Canyon. A half-mile before reaching a saddle on the divide between the East Fork and Middle Fork of the Gila River, the road (which in reality was only a cow trail) quit the rough canyon bottom and ran along its less rocky north side.

We were enjoying the beautiful mountain scenery and a light breeze out of the west that had the pleasant aroma of tall pine and juniper trees, when we saw a huge brown bear lapping acorns out of a scrub oak a hundred yards up the side of the ridge ahead of us. We were downwind from the bear and he had not seen or smelled us.

Dad stopped the team, set the brake on the wagon, handed Mother the reins and stepped to the ground, rifle in hand.

By this time the mule team had got a whiff of the bear and was trying to bolt, so Dad took a quick shot at the bear and missed. By the time the team was quieted down the bear had disappeared down the canyon side, his heels leaving skid marks over a foot long as he practically flew into the canyon bottom.

When we reached the saddle at the head of Cooney Canyon, we traveled down Pine Canyon to Canyon Creek, then northwest through Juniper Flat, across the T Bar divide into T Bar Creek, then west past the Ben McClure ranch, head of South Negrito Creek, and south over the divide into Burnt Cabin Flat where we made camp, weary from traveling over a route so rough we wondered why the wagon hadn't shaken to pieces.

canyon floor. Dad, not depending entirely on his wagon brakes, cut down a pine tree six inches in diameter and tied the top end to the rear axle of his wagon, dragging it to the bottom of the grade.

The Cooney mines were going full blast at this time and as we passed them I got a thrill out of watching the miners push the freshly painted ore cars out of the tunnel onto the dump.

A few miles down the canyon below the mines we came to the tomb of J.C. Cooney, brother and partner of Captain Cooney, that Apache Indians had killed on April 29, 1880. His tomb was a huge boulder weighing hundreds of

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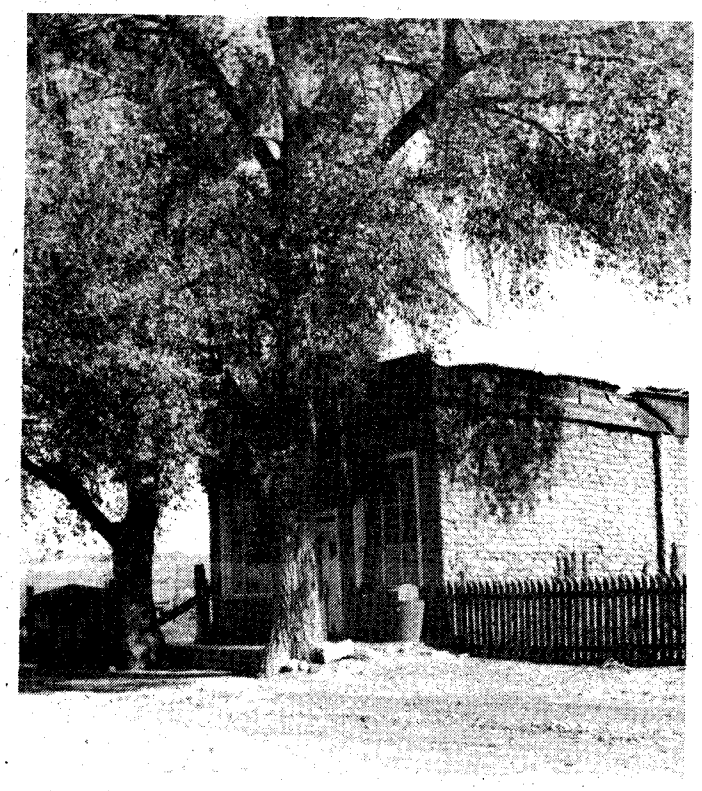

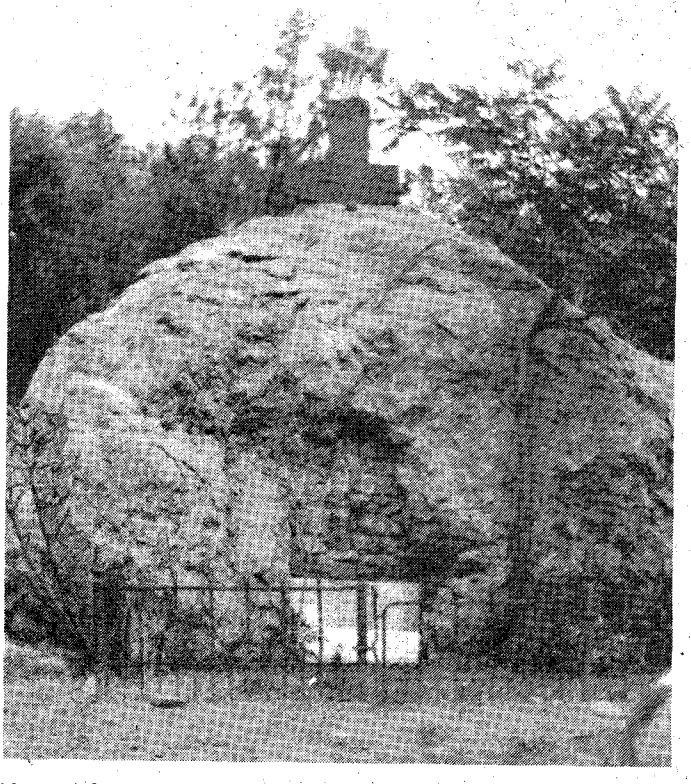

Above left: Bar in Fairview, New Mexico where Buck Powell was killed. Above right: Tomb of J.C. Cooney. He was killed by Apaches in 1880.

tons that had rolled down the canyon side centuries ago. Miner friends drove a tunnel into the huge rock, placed Cooney's body in the tunnel, and sealed the entrance. There his body rests to this day.

A few miles below Cooney's tomb we climbed out of Mineral Creek on the south side and crossed White Water Mesa, dropping into White Water Creek at a little town called Graham. A half-mile below town we camped in a miner's deserted cabin.

We were in a hurry to get on the road the next morning as it was a full day's drive to Uncle Steve's ranch on Blue Creek, and in the flurry of getting started my sister Julia forgot her bonnet and left it in the cabin.

On reaching the Silver City-Mogollon road we traveled down the San Francisco River and here we saw the first mesquite trees and agarita bushes we had seen since leaving Texas. The bushes had berries on them and Mother wanted to stop and pick some of them, but Dad said we didn't have time. We children were sorely grieved. At dusk we arrived at Uncle Steve's ranch and were welcomed by him and Aunt Lou and their four children: Ollie, Boss, Bill and Gordan.

At this time Tom Lyons, who owned the L C Cattle Company on Duck Creek, had barred small ranchers from working with the L C chuckwagon, so they pooled and ran their own chuckwagon and roundup. They hired my dad as chuckwagon cook, and during the month he worked I had a glorious time playing cowboy with my cousins.

Several years before, a drought had resulted in a heavy loss of cattle. Skulls of these cattle were plentiful. We boys gathered their horns and made believe they were cattle. When we branded the horns with a red hot wire, the smoke smelled like burning hair.

We built pastures and pens of sticks for our make-believe cows on the dry sand bar of the creek. One morning we went to inspect our herds, Boss brought along a sack of Bull Durham, some cigarette papers and matches. We had rolled a round of smokes and were wrangling over our "cows," using the rough language we thought cowboys used, when we heard someone laugh. The cigarettes disappeared like magic, and we looked to the top of the creek bank where we saw Uncle Steve. I just knew I was going to get my jacket tanned, but he just laughed and went back to the house. Evidently he didn't tell my dad or mother for I didn't get the spanking I so justly deserved.

Once in a while we kids over-matched ourselves. On one occasion we played soldier and advanced on a wasp nest in a ten-foot cliff about 100 yards west of the ranch house. Boss was the oldest, so he was Captain and led the charge. We advanced within ten paces of the cliff and laid down a bombardment of rocks.

The wasps swarmed forth and attacked us. We were stung and forced to make a hasty retreat to the house where Mother and Aunt Lou gave first aid by applying wet sal-soda poultices to the stings. Toys were so scarce, boys had to use any means at hand for amusement, but wasp nests were off our list after our first battle with them.

WHEN Dad's work was finished he returned to Uncle Steve's ranch and they gathered the twenty-eight head of cattle that we had come to get. They were a motley bunch branded A P E on shoulder side and hip, but good enough to start on from scratch.

When we were ready to start back to Taylor Creek, Dad loaded our wagon with camp equipment, a trunk full of clothes, a 42-gallon barrel of butter balls packed in brine, and a crate fastened to the back endgate in which he placed two pigs. After the bows and sheet were placed on the wagon we were ready to go, except Mother didn't feel capable of driving the team back over the almost impossible road with Mary (the baby) in her arms. Uncle Steve's eighteen-year-old daughter Ollie solved this problem by volunteering to go along and drive the team. Dad and Uncle Steve would drive the cattle.

We left early on the morning of October 10, and followed the road back the way we had come. We even picked up my sister Julia's bonnet that she had left in the deserted cabin near Graham. It had been there over a month and no one had bothered it.

On October 13 we made camp on Mineral Creek, a hundred yards south of a ranch owned by a Mr. and Mrs. Weatherby. They were true Western-

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Ed Otero

ers and by the time we got a campfire going, they were at camp begging us to come to their house. Mother finally agreed and we walked over to their dwelling.

The Weatherbys owned the first phonograph on Mineral Creek. It was an Edison, and they entertained us by playing three or four records by Uncle Josh and Aunt Samanthy. We were greatly amused and had some good laughs.

By the time we reached the Mogollon Mountain divide the next day, a bull had joined our herd. Dad and Uncle Steve cut him out of the herd and tried to turn him back several times, but it was open range and he kept following us. Finally the bull got mad and raked Uncle Steve's horse with a horn. The horse was not seriously hurt, but something had to be done. If the bull followed us off his range and someone saw him in our herd, we might be accused of cow stealing.

As a last resort Uncle Steve, who was carrying a Winchester rifle on his saddle, said he would crease him. Dad warned that he had better be careful. A bullet had to hit an exact spot in the neck to crease an animal without killing it.

Uncle Steve worked the bull to the outside of the herd and drew a fine bead. At the crack of the rifle the bull fell in a heap — he was creased permanently with a broken neck. That night we camped near the head of Turkey Creek, a little uneasy that someone might find us and ask questions about the dead bull.

Solomon Luna

LATE in the afternoon of our fifth day of travel, we reached a clearing in the tall pine trees about a quarter of a mile southwest of the N Bar ranch, on the head of the south prong of Negrito Creek. The evenings were cool at this altitude in October, so Dad had galloped on ahead and had a roaring fire going when the wagon got there.

Before climbing down from the wagon seat, Mother noticed some ominous looking mounds of earth about fifteen steps from where Dad had built the fire and asked him what they were.

"That's where old man Abercrombe and another man are buried," Dad replied.

"Surely you are not going to camp here?" she said.

"Oh, they can't harm us now," Dad answered, and that was it.

A good friend of my parents by the name of Bob Lewis owned the N Bar ranch at this time. They had known him since the early 1880s. He soon arrived at camp, insisting that we come to the ranch house to stay overnight, but after Mother had climbed down from the wagon seat she was determined to stay in camp, so Bob's kind invitation was declined.

Although no mention was made of the graves again, I was disturbed and kept watching the light from the campfire flicker on the two mounds of earth until bedtime. I slept with Dad that night and must have had spooky dreams, for I kneed and elbowed him all night long. Next morning he said, "That boy has got to find himself another bed fellow. I would just as soon try to sleep with a sackful of augers as him."

Bob Lewis, or Uncle Bob as we children called him, told us about Abercrombe's demise. Several years prior to the time of our camping near his grave, he had lived at the N Bar ranch. He was addicted to drink and was not on good terms with his wife. On his final spree he ended up in bed with his throat cut from ear to ear.

The neighbors gathered to prepare the body for burial, and found the weapon that his wife claimed he used to commit suicide. It was a razor hidden under a heavy mattress at the head of his bed.

Everyone was convinced that Abercrombe was a man who didn't do things by halves if he could raise the heavy mattress and hide the razor after cutting his throat. He was supposed to have had a large sum of money, all in gold, at the time of his death, but it could not be found and some of his neighbors thought he had made a stash to keep his wife from getting possession of it. Later incidents seemed to substantiate this theory.

One afternoon in the early 1890s after Bob Lewis had purchased the N Bar ranch, Bob's older brother Bill was chasing a yearling across the valley a few hundred yards north of the ranch house. It was after a rainstorm and Bill lost his quirt. The valley was covered with old prairie dog mounds and, in backtracking his horse to find his quirt, Bill saw a glint. He dismounted to make a closer inspection and discovered a $20 gold piece that his horse had kicked out of a mound when he ran over it. After picking up all the gold coins he could find, Bill returned to the house and got a shovel. He dug the old prairie dog burrow to the bottom and found $350 in gold, but no amount of digging ever uncovered another cent.

Abercrombe likely split his money and hid it in different places. If this was so he did a good job, for not another penny has been reported found.

THE second day after we camped at Abercrombe's grave, we were pulling out of a draw on the south side of Indian Creek when we came to a steep grade where the road left the bed of the draw and ran along the north side. Our two mules Mollie and Colie had to lay into their collars with all of their might to pull the wagon up the grade.

Colie was on the upper side next to the ridge. When the worn-out clevis on his singletree broke loose from the doubletree, Colie fell forward, throwing Mollie and the wagon over the outer edge of the graded road bed.

Ollie and Mother, with the baby in her arms, were riding in the wagon seat; and three of us children, Julia, Beaulah, and I — were riding on quilts in the wagon box which was covered with a wagon sheet supported by heavy wagon bows.

When Ollie saw that the wagon was going to turn over, she jumped out on the upper side, but Mother and the rest of us remained in the wagon,

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which rolled over into the bottom of the draw thirty feet below, breaking a front wagon wheel.

Dad and Uncle Steve were driving the cattle a hundred yards up the road ahead of the wagon when they heard Ollie scream. Looking back they saw what had happened and, reining their horses around, they headed back down the road at full speed.

When Dad reached the wagon and found that Mother and baby Mary were not hurt, he turned his attention to the wagon box. He said he couldn't tell who was squealing the loudest — we kids or the pigs in the crate.

Using a pocket knife, Dad slashed a three-foot slit in the new wagon sheet and pulled us children out, one at a time, checking to see who was hurt. All were unscathed except me and the pigs. I had a bump on my head from being hit by the butter barrel, and the pigs got some scratches from being jostled around in the crate. How we survived this incident without some of us being killed is one of those unexplained miracles. That God was watching over us there is no doubt.

Bob Lewis' nearest neighboring ranch to the east was the T Bar on T Bar Canyon. His cattle grazed the same open range their did. Also the 7Hl ran their cattle on the range.

Some of the local ranchers hired Three Finger Jack, a member of the Butch Cassidy Wild Bunch, to kill Bob because they claimed he was trespassing on their range. Bob watched the outlaw closely and nothing happened to him. This was not the case, however, with a 22-year-old cowboy the T Bar hired. Although he made a good hand, was reliable and pleasant to work with, he soon attracted the enmity of a hardened criminal. When this became evident to certain cowboys, they began egging the trouble on until the outlaw shot and killed the boy, claiming that he had made gunplay. Bob Lewis said in his opinion it was coldblooded murder.

Today from an open point of a ridge on the north side of T Bar Canyon, the boy's grave stands guard over a vacant plot of land where the T Bar ranch house once stood. The silence there is deafening except for nights when roving bands of coyotes howl a chorus around the isolated grave. When I was there last, in 1940, the only marker it bore was an ancient brake block from a wagon.

HUNDREDS of such graves on the Western prairies have disintegrated into the surrounding sod, leaving not a trace of the final resting place of some forgotten cowpoke who had hopes for tomorrow.

One of them was an Irishman named Paddy who lived about thirty-five miles east of the N Bar ranch. He squatted on a seep spring a mile east of where the North Star Military Route from old Fort Wingate near San Rafael crossed over the Continental Divide at the head of the north prong of Corduroy Canyon on its way to Camp Vincent at the mouth of Beaver and Taylor Creeks on the head of the East Fork of the Gila River.

The spring was weak and in an effort to replenish his water supply Paddy dug a well. The well amounted to little more than a hole in the ground, so his neighbors called his squatter's right "Paddy's Hole." There was sufficient water during the rainy season, so Paddy used the surrounding range as a holding ground for his cattle during the late summer and fall.

Joe Fowler owned a ranch a few miles north of Magdalena, New Mexico. Fowler owed Paddy a sum of money for cattle Paddy had already delivered to him and was bringing in another herd to Fowler's ranch.

"Wul, what do you know—I jist found yore key here in the lock."

Getting a late start Paddy and a man who was working for him had only reached a point about six miles northeast of Paddy's Hole, at the south edge of the San Augustin Plains, when night overtook them. Paddy sent his helper with their pack horse to a point near the wagon road, to pitch camp.

It was dark by this time and the man started a campfire. Soon after the fire was started Joe Fowler and a boy about nineteen years old rode into camp. Fowler asked where Paddy was and the cowhand told him he was with the cattle near a little knoll about a quarter of a mile north. Fowler told the cowhand to go tell Paddy to come into camp so they could talk over the deal on the cattle.

Later, when it was safe for the boy who was with Fowler to tell the truth, he said that when Paddy reached camp, he dismounted and walked into the light made by the campfire. Fowler advanced to meet him with an outstretched hand indicating a friendly meeting, but when Fowler had reached a point about six feet from Paddy he suddenly drew a six-shooter and fired. Paddy did not die immediately, so Fowler sat down by his side and felt his pulse for thirty minutes until he expired. This was in the middle 1880s.

My father had met Paddy while he was working for the Red River Land and Cattle Company (V + T). In 1897 my father took me with him on one of his trips from Beaver Creek to Magdalena, hauling freight for the V Cross T headquarters ranch. We made a noonday stop near Paddy's grave.

A badger had dug into it, and scraps of cloth from Paddy's California trousers were lying around the mound. We returned to our wagon for a shovel, and reburied the scraps of cloth by throwing them back into the hole the badger had dug and then filling the hole with earth.

In 1944, forty-seven years later, I had occasion to pass that way again and I made a diligent search for Paddy's final resting place, but there was not the slightest indication of a grave on the sodded grama grass flat.

In 1909 a man by the name of Joe Gardner bought the Joe Fowler ranch about seven miles north of Magdalena. The old cow corral was in a bad state of repair. Its large round picket fence was rotted below the ground level. Gardner decided to build a new and smaller corral, so he dug a circular trench a few feet inside the old corral and in so doing uncovered several skeletons of men who, from all indications, were paid with hot lead as Paddy was.

Fowler was reported to have hired any transient or man on the dodge from the law that he could find. He worked them on his ranch, furnishing clothes, food and tobacco. When they had accumulated a sum of money for their work, he paid them with a bullet and buried them in his cow corral.

After a pen of restless cattle had milled in the corral for a couple of days and nights there was not a vestige of digging ever having been done there. And since the victims were transients, the local ranch people paid little attention to their disappearance.

Finally, on a drinking binge in Socorro, New Mexico, Fowler disembowled a man with a Bowie knife because the man refused to take a drink with him, saying liquor upset his stomach. Fowler was placed in jail, and when the man died the Vigilance Committee which was in force at Socorro in the 1880s made a visit to the jail, forced their way inside and dragged Fowler out.

Mr. McDonald, who resided at Mag-

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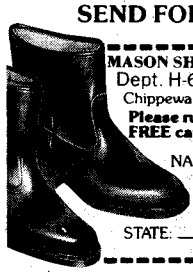

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dalena, told me that he lived in Socorro at this time and was an eye-witness to what happened. He said as is usually the case with coldblooded killers, Fowler completely lost control of himself and was a loathsome sight, crying and begging the Committee for his life. His pleas fell on deaf ears. For good measure they shot him a couple of times after the hanging.

Thus ended the existence of one of the most brutal murderers in the Territorial days of New Mexico.

THREE MILES north of the N Bar ranch Bob Lewis had a hermit neighbor by the name of Gwynn from whom the present Gwynn Cienega derives its name. Gwynn was a cantankerous character and an invariant chewer of Star Navy tobacco. He did not always spit with the wind or use his bandana with dexterity, and his belt-length gray beard had a brown tobacco streak to the tip end.

Bob said that one day he visited Gwynn's cabin during the noon hour. Bob, who was considered the best bread cook in the community, was asked to cook the biscuits. When they were ready to bake, Bob took the bake pan off a nail in the wall and inspected it for dust. Gwynn was watching him and suddenly said in a shrill voice, "Hell, go ahead and use it. It hasn't got spit in it."

Though a little careless with his sanitary habits Gwynn was a true Westerner and could be depended on in a pinch, so people put up with him.

Three Finger Jack and two cohorts, a white man and a Mexican, were staying at a ranch only a few miles from the N Bar. Bob thought it might be advisable to have someone stay with him at the isolated N Bar, so he hired an older man as a side-kick.

There came a time when Bob had to ride some fifty miles east to Chloride, New Mexico on a business deal. He left his hired hand to take care of things while he was gone. When Bob returned he was surprised to learn that his hired hand had gone to Reserve, some twenty-four miles northwest of the ranch.

Bob was a little wary when night settled down, so he entered his log cabin and closed the door, which was held shut with a latch. The latch string hung on the outside of the door.

Placing a lamp on the table, Bob got a book and settled down to read, laying his six-shooter within easy reach. He had read but a short time when he noticed that the door had been unlatched and was being slowly pushed open with the muzzle of a rifle.

Grabbing his six-shooter from the table Bob judged where the man with the rifle was standing and shot a hole through the door. He heard the man fall into the yard. As he extinguished the light on the table and took a place in the darkness near the inside wall, he could hear someone scuffling around in the yard at the front of the cabin.

After moving nearer the door and hearing no sound for a minute, Bob decided to shoot it out with whoever it was. Quickly he stepped out and flattened himself against the outside wall, cocked six-shooter in hand. The yard was empty, but he could hear the clump of horses' feet on the ridge back of the cabin. Soon he could skylight two men on horseback leading a horse with a man lying across the saddle.

Next morning there was blood in the yard so Bob saddled his top horse and followed the trail of the men who had tried to kill him the night before. He wanted to find out who they were and settle the deal with them.

Bob lost their tracks in the extremely rocky ground around the cliffs of the T Bar Canyon. The cliffs contained many vertical cracks and crevices and it was Bob's opinion they dropped the man he shot into one of those cracks. Three Finger Jack and the Anglo who was with him were seen again before they left the community, but the Mexican disappeared and was never heard of after the shooting at the N Bar ranch, so Bob was almost sure he was the one trying to open the cabin door.

WHEN Bob Lewis left the N Bar, the Red River Land and Cattle Company tried to keep a line rider there, but it was such a lonely place the wagon boss sent eighteen-year-old Walter Nephew, his horse wrangler, over to stay with the line rider.

The two young men got along fine, though both suffered from boredom. Someone had left an old Colt's .44 caliber six-shooter at the ranch. There were no cartridges for the old gun and, assuming an empty weapon harmless, they acquired the habit of trying to get the drop on one another with it.

One day they had made an extra long ride down the Middle Fork of the Gila River and arrived back at the ranch dog-tired. As they entered the cabin, the regular line rider gave a weary sigh and fell down on his bunk. Walter Nephew began to gripe because he was having to build a fire in the stove to cook supper. As he put it, his partner was too damn lazy to breathe and if he had to make an effort he would suffocate.

During their absence that day, someone had come by the ranch who had cartridges that fit the old six-shooter and had loaded it up all around.

After Nephew had raved on for a minute or two, the line rider noticed the old gun lying on his bunk and grabbing it up, he yelled, "You bellyaching s-o-b, I'll kill you right now like I should have done a long time ago!" And with this he pulled down on his horsewrangler partner, expecting the old gun to snap as it had done a hundred times before.

Instead of snapping, however, there was a terrific roar that shook the inside of the cabin, and a bullet passed through the calf of Nephew's leg. Nephew jumped and tripped on the cook stove, falling flat on his face.

The line rider dropped the six-shooter and started running toward him yelling, "Walter! Walter! Are you hurt?"

Nephew sat up and said, "You damned fool, what you want to kill a man for when he is only joking?"

Although it was not a serious wound, since the bullet had missed the shin bone, Nephew's leg was very sore and he suffered plenty riding to the mining town of Mogollon to get medical treatment. After this experience if anyone started fooling with a gun and Walter Nephew was around, he would yell, "Lay that damned thing down before it goes off."

Finally the company hired a married couple to stay at the N Bar ranch, but this didn't work out either. Late one afternoon this man and his wife arrived at our home on Beaver Creek, twenty-five miles east of the N Bar, in a nervous jitter and sat up half the night telling us about the mysterious things that had happened to them. They said that regardless of how well they locked their bedroom door at

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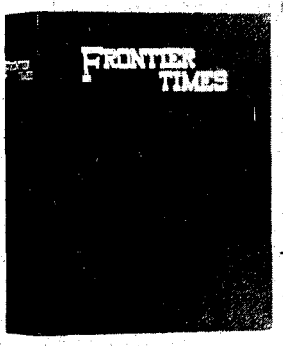

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night something entered, walked around the room and pulled the bedcovers off their bed. When they would strike a match, there was nothing — only the bed covers lying at the foot of their bed.

Their story was so weird and their convictions so sincere that their recital disturbed me, a boy of nine years. I remembered the gruesome story of Abercrombe's demise and wondered if it was the same bedroom where he had ended his life on earth. Next morning the man and his wife left for Chloride, a small mining town in the eastern foothills of the Black Range, and we never heard of them again.

IN 1901 Ab Alexander, who had been working as the Company's wagon boss, bought the N Bar ranch, in partnership with a man named Buck Powell. A short time after the purchase, Powell made a trip to Fairview (now Winston, New Mexico), and visited the Myers bar, where he was killed instantly by a man named Allen. There was no motive at all as far as anyone knew. Some of the men who witnessed the killing thought it was accidental, because Allen, who was not recognized as an expert pistol shot, fired from the hip and hit Powell right between the eyes.

Alexander lived at the N Bar ranch for a number of years, during which time he was raided by Ma-Si, alias Apache Kid, who made life miserable in the Mogollon and Black Range mountains, killing people and stealing horses, until September 10, 1906.

When Alexander left the ranch, Edwardo (Ed) and Manuel Otero had control of the ranch and range. The Otero brothers were the nephews of Solomon Luna, at one time the wealthiest sheepman in New Mexico.

In the 1870s Luna grazed his sheep on the headwaters of the Middle Fork of the Gila River, which was part of the N Bar range. Victorio's Apaches killed nine of his sheepherders and his sheep were scattered over a wild and predator-infested range.

"Finders Keepers" replenished their flocks with some of these sheep and predatory animals got most of the rest. A year after the Indians had massacred the nine herders, two cowboys riding on the N Bar range found two dogs holding a thousand head of sheep under herd in T Bar canyon. How these dogs had managed to hold this many sheep under herd for so long on a range overrun with predators taxes the mind. The dogs were so vicious they wouldn't let the cowboys within fifty yards of the flock, so the ornery cowpunchers killed them. (That act taxes the mind, also.)

Solomon Luna was drowned in a sheep dipping vat at Alegros Springs, southeast of Alegros Mountain, in 1912. At this time my father, my cousin John Damron, and I were hauling freight from our nearest rail head at Magdalena to the Nations Cattle Company, whose headquarters ranch was at Sierra Prieto, fifteen miles north of Quemado.

Getting a late start from Magdalena, we were forced to pitch camp four miles west of town, and the next morning at twilight a touring car passed our camp with Luna's body lashed to what looked like the door of a house, fastened slantwise across the car seats.

New Mexico had lost a prominent and kind hearted citizen, whose good deeds were long remembered. After Luna died, Ed and Manuel Otero fell heir to part of his estate, and Ed Otero was in charge of the N Bar ranch and range when I started work for the United States Forest Service (the Elk Mountain Ranger District) in 1925.

I had met Solomon Luna and the Otero brothers at Paddy's Hole in 1905, but a lot had happened in those twenty years before I would meet Ed Otero again. My family had moved from Beaver Creek to Mesa Redondo, seven miles south of Salt Lake, New Mexico, where we owned the /T7 cow ranch. World War I, in which I served, had been fought and won. The 1918-19 drought and depression had hit and I was forced to obtain employment to help tide us over.

After the Otero brothers took charge of the N Bar they fenced T Bar Canyon from near its head to the dipping vat where the Snow Creek Dam is now located.

At the time I started work in 1925 the fence was in a poor state of repair, and barbed wire such as I had seen along the trenches in northern France was down on the ground, making it extremely dangerous to ride through at night.

While I was staying at the Negrito Ranger Station, near the N Bar ranch, I noticed nine cairns about a mile southeast of the station along the north side of the wagon road. I thought they might have something to do with the nine sheepherders the Indians had killed, so I asked Ed Otero why they were there. He said they could not find any of the herders the Indians had killed, so in memory of them, his Unclo Solomon had nine cairns erected, then brought a priest from Los Lunas to say a prayer for each herder. In 1947 these monuments were still in place.

It is likely the nine skeletons Bob Lewis found in a cove at the upper end of the T Bar box were Luna's herders, but since the rugged cliffs cannot tell what happened, no one will ever know.

Even as late as 1934 the N Bar ranch still had its specter. I patrolled the Elk Mountain Ranger District on horseback and had occasion to talk to Otero's sheepherders. They told me there was something unearthly about the ranch and that something bad was going to happen to their Patron, Ed Otero. I paid this little attention, but within a short time Ed Otero died of a heart attack in his bedroom at the N Bar ranch. So the sheepherders' prophecy came true.

When Ed Otero died, his brother Manuel, who had been Chief of Customs on the Mexico border at El Paso, Texas, took charge of the N Bar. He was still in charge when I retired from the Forest Service in August 1947.

It has not been my privilege to visit the N Bar ranch since, but I have often wondered if anyone has taken the time to search the ancient prairie dog town north of the N Bar with a Geiger counter or metal detector in an effort to find the rest of Abercrombe's gold.

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GEORGE MAYES, CHEROKEE

— an old man looks back at his tribe's wrong turns in the West . . .

By GEORGE MAYES as told to EVE BALL

Explanatory Note: As nearly as I can recall this is the first interview I ever recorded. The world may be much worse now than it was forty-seven years ago but in two things it is better: religious prejudice and racism. — Eve Ball

"HER FAMILY rolled the aged woman in their best blanket and lowered her body into a hole half full of muddy, icy water. She was one of over 400 who died of hunger, cold, and exposure on the Terrible Trail of Tears. There had been so many deaths that the military officer could allow little time for burial. This happened in the winter of 1838-39, about ten years before I was born, but I have heard the account many times from my parents and from other Cherokees. They were one of the Five Civilized Tribes who were robbed of their good farms and comfortable homes in Mississippi, Georgia and Alabama when the greedy white people wanted their land.

"The Mayes family had lived in northern Georgia. They were not wealthy, but were very comfortably situated, much better so than many of their white neighbors. In addition to three good farms they owned equipment for agriculture and also cattle, sheep, and race horses. They worked as hard as their blacks. They did not approve of slavery but could not release them to be sold to families who might mistreat them.

"Two of the blacks concealed their fine horses in a gully while the rest helped the family load two wagons. In one they placed their clothing, silver, china, linens and bedding, so arranged that it could be used for sleeping. In the other, tools, food, plows, and other necessities that could be crowded into it were placed. At the last minute Grandmother brought from her home two of her cherished rosewood chairs, and they too were loaded."

The old man pointed to the chair next to me. "Yes, that is one of them," he said, and smiled.

"When the black boys returned with the race horses they were immediately appropriated by the military, but the work horses, cattle and sheep were driven behind the wagons. With his most faithful black walking by the left wheeler ox, Grandfather took his place beside that of the second wagon in which his family rode. Their surrey they were not permitted to take.

"Whether or not this robbery of the Five Tribes was legal, I do not know — it was just that my people were Indians and were begrudged possessions.

"With two teams of oxen pulling each vehicle, they started on that journey of torture. It was a long and bitterly cold winter, attended by suffering and death. It was a trail of unmarked graves and wretched people. Grandfather told his blacks that if they wished they might attempt to escape. But they asked where they could go, and what would happen to them. They stayed and shared equally with the food and struggles. That might have been a wise decision for them, but I have often wondered if it was for my people — for later, after The War Between the States, they created problems.

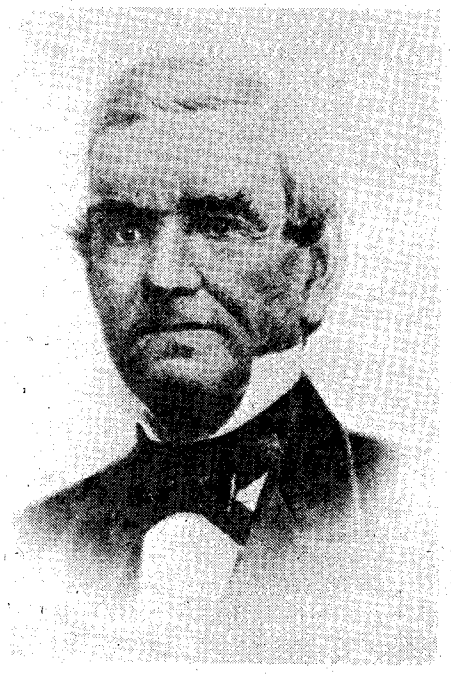
"MY PARENTS settled on a farm near Pryor [present-day Oklahoma], built a log cabin, and worked hard as was their custom. Mother had a home-made loom. When I was a child I stood behind it to catch the thread as she poked it through. She wove cloth for clothes and blankets.

"We seldom went to town. Pryor was named for an official who had worked with the Osages, who were there before we came. He was the great-uncle of Colonel Sneed, our Secretary of State. I remember attending Mr. Sneed's funeral and helping locate his grave for marking. Colonel Sneed was a very fine man. I often wondered how he got mixed up in politics.

"My parents valued education and we went to school. When the building was burned my brother and I were happy to have a vacation, but it didn't last long because the editor of the newspaper offered his office till another could be built.

Below: John Ross, Principal Chief of the Cherokee Nation; 1827-1866.

Courtesy Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library.



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"For their time my parents were well educated and they taught us at home. I got most of my education in my mother's kitchen; and by far the most valuable was not from books but in morality and principles.

"Our father taught us to work and to hunt. We learned to butcher game and tan the hides. We trapped, too. We got fifty cents for wolf pelts, good ones; and two for coon skins. We hauled them to Westport Landing [present-day Kansas City] with ox teams.

"When I was thirteen I spent a winter with an uncle who had a trading post near the site of Sapulpa. There was only one small wooden shack there. It was occupied by Mr. Perryman, a good Indian.

"It was at Tulsa that we forded the quicksands of the Arkansas River. We hit the water at a trot, whipping our mules to keep them going because had they stopped, the wagon would have gone down. The river was low and at very shallow places we could see the trail.

"Later, as a cowpuncher, I made a trip to Junction City, Kansas. When we left the ranch to which the herd belonged, the owner told the trail boss to give the Comanches a beef if they asked for it. When we hit their hangout they demanded one, but the boss refused to give it; so they took two, as was their custom when refused one. After that when more Comanches asked, they got a beef.

"We got along very well with others of the Civilized Tribes except for the Creeks. Their Negroes raided our herds and got some of my father's cattle. When I was nineteen two neighbor boys and I found their trail and followed it. We cut the cattle with my father's brand and headed them toward the Verdigris.

"Four blacks had been watching us and they rode out to keep us from crossing the river. One of the boys said, 'The way to fight is to get the first shot.' We cut loose with .45s. Two of the blacks fell. They opened fire but our first volley stopped them. One rode back up the hill. We stampeded our cattle for the river, swam them to a break in the opposite bank, and made for our own territory.

"The two who were killed — well, there was a lot of talk about it. The Creeks' chief demanded that our chief release us to him for trial. I had told my father about the fight when I got back with his cattle, but he didn't seem much concerned till I got word to report at Tahlequah, the Creek headquarters.

"Lewis Downing was our chief and he was a very fine leader. With my two friends we went to him and he heard our story. He knew that we would not lie to him. He sat awhile without speaking. Finally he said, 'You good citizens and your tongues not forked. You kill thieves — good boys.' There's no justice like that now.

"Before I married I built a fine cabin. I made it of hewed logs with an enormous stone fireplace. I added a lean-to and a porch. It was snug and cozy. I also cut timber to fence twenty acres. I split over 6,000 rails for that fence.

"The cabin was our home for many years. I added rooms as our six children came along. Two of them are buried near the house.

AS GEORGE MAYES was interviewed in the living room of his luxurious home in Oklahoma City he modestly declined to discuss his political career, and turned to reminiscing about his ancestors. "Lisa [Lesa] Wilkerson, a full-blooded Cherokee, was my grandmother. She, like most Cherokees, was a Baptist, and she married a minister of that church, Jesse Bushyhead. Her father opposed her marrying any white man, but it was done.

"Bushyhead went home one evening and found the house empty. The next morning he went to his father-in-law's in search of Lisa. He was admitted but her father denied knowledge of her. Grandfather felt sure that she was there. Instead of leaving he hid in a corner of the rail fence and watched the house. When a movement as of something falling from the second story attracted his attention, he watched it closely. He saw a hand wave from a window, re-entered and came out with his wife.

"When The War Between the States began, the Five Civilized Tribes made its greatest mistake; its young men enlisted in both armies. In my tribe [the Cherokee] young men had participated in cattle drives, first to St. Louis and later to Junction City, Kansas. I was in on one of the latter, but when my tribesmen began volunteering for the Union, I did not join them. I was thirteen but old enough then to feel that it wasn't our war.

"Men from the other four of our tribes did, but I believe that many more fought for the Confederacy. It was the North that had robbed us of our good farms and homes in Mississippi, Alabama and Georgia.

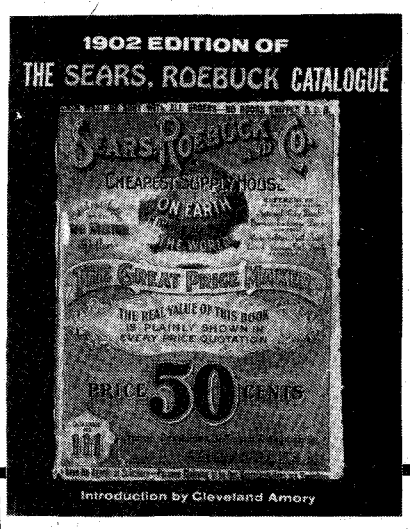
"Many of our young men gave their lives for the government that had betrayed us, and what did it do in return? It freed over 4,000 blacks and gave them equal rights with us. They didn't know how to use those rights, so they depended on us, as they always had, for food, clothing and shelter. Few could leave and get work, so we continued for years to support them.

"The second fatal mistake of the Cherokees was their signing the Treaty of 1866. Having been split by engaging in the Civil War, they continued to fight among themselves. Cherokees were born fighters, and when there was nobody else to whip, fought among themselves.

"Did you know that a Cherokee was the only Indian who ever attained the rank of Brigadier General? One of our men, Stan Watie, did.

"Partially as a result of the war, the disastrous treaty of 1866 was concluded. Never had the Federal Government kept a treaty made with Indians. I was only eighteen, but I knew that. I knew, too, that we were much worse off under Federal law than we would have been under tribal. So I opposed the signing of that treaty. John Ross, Chief of the Cherokees, was head of the delegation from the Five Civilized Tribes that went to Washington. He was a wise and good man. Unfortunately he fell ill upon arriving. On his deathbed he warned the members of the delegation against the provisions of that treaty and urged them to reject it. He asked that a copy be brought to him. He read the objectionable article to them. Then he tore it up and threw the pieces on the floor.

"The obnoxious provision was that of permitting others to occupy our territory by paying 47½¢ an acre. That was Article XIII.



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"After the old warrior died, the rest weakened. They yielded to pressure and signed. Urged by Col. William P. Ross they signed. Not every son inherits the ability of his ancestry.

"The Republican Party ruined the people of the Five Civilized Tribes. How? They granted equal rights to the Freedmen. That, too, was a provision of that infamous treaty.

"Though I was very young I was a member of the Cherokee Senate at Tahlequah. I could not believe until I heard them speak that my older and respected fellow-members could approve that treaty. Timidly I got the Speaker's permission to talk and I protested the signing, but the motion carried.

"Tahlequah was the site of the old Council House. That building is used now [1934] as a courthouse. It was in Tahlequah that the Baptist Church established its seminaries, male and female, in 1852. That was done under the leadership of the wise old John Ross. Later the two schools were combined to form a Teachers' College.

"The sale of Cherokee lands amounted to over eight million dollars, but in comparison to the value of the land, money is worthless. Land is eternal, beneficial, the mother that never fails to sustain her children. Money does little but corrupt them. It is soon gone, and leaves people lazy and worthless. The Osages in their primitive period were very good people . . . . Discovery of oil in the Osage Hills ruined them. Idleness is fatal to any people.

"Of the eight million paid in bonds, the blacks got a fourth of it. A year later a corporation from New York sent representatives to us to negotiate the sale of the bonds. I opposed that, too, but it went through. They were to pay 5% interest, and I thought that more beneficial to us than money for the bonds. Again I lost."

When the aged man paused, I asked about his political career, but he was not to be persuaded to discuss that. Colonel Sneed, he said, was at that time the most valuable man in Oklahoma in his opinion. He had knowledge, experience and above all, integrity. These were the qualities needed by those who managed the lives and incomes of the people of Oklahoma.

The blacks? They, as well as the Indians, had been given a chance to obtain education, and were as much entitled to equal opportunity as other citizens.

"With education and freedom from racial prejudice I hope to see blacks achieve their potential positions. And many of them are superior people, even as Indians are. I hope to see both receive their just deserts." And George Mayes would say no more.

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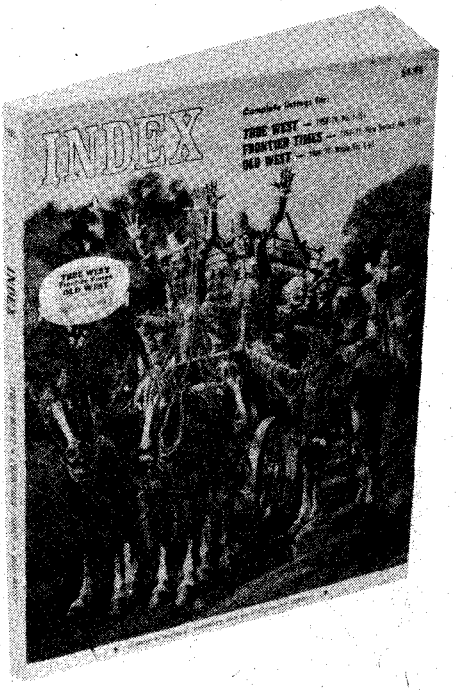

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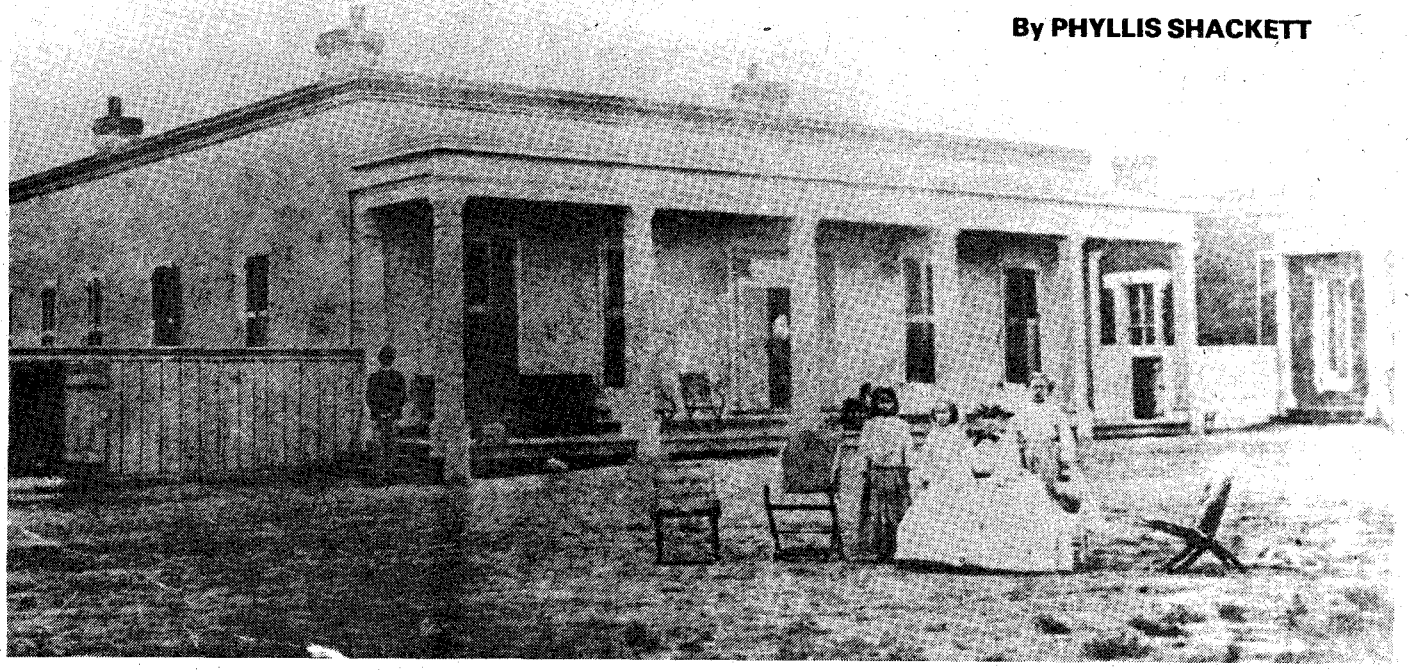
ARMY WIVES

By PHYLLIS SHACKETT



Fort Union, New Mexico in 1866 or 1867.

Photos courtesy US Army Military History Institute.

"Brass Buttons" and their military dependents in Indian country

A DIFFICULT foe to overcome was the harsh weather. So very hot; so very cold. While Martha Summerhayes was at Camp Verde, Arizona she and her husband slept on the parade grounds because their quarters were stifling. Food preservation was almost impossible: milk soured, butter melted, and meat spoiled. Many wives suffered heat prostration due to the suffocating amount of clothing they wore. Martha Summerhayes envied the Mexican women who had lightweight white blouses and skirts. She wanted to adopt the Mexican mode of dress, but her husband thought it was indecent and would not allow her to do so.

The stinging cold of winter caused its own problems. The only way to obtain water was through holes cut in the ice of lakes or rivers, a dangerous and difficult endeavor; most of the time water was rationed.

Frost-bite was a danger for those who ventured outside. Most women remained indoors during the winter months and surrendered their daily horseback rides or walks, thus increasing their tension and boredom.

Perhaps the most challenging of all the obstacles to overcome was the anxiety that resulted from their husbands' campaigning. When a man left the fort, his wife never knew if he would return. One wife described a last get-together before the troopers' departure: "Here are those nice fellows gathered around our table, all discussing the situation and all knowing they will never all come back. One leaves his watch and little fixings and says, 'If one of those bullets gets me, send this to my wife.' One officer left a sick child, very ill, another left a wife to be confined next month."

One need not search any further to unearth the reason why "Boots and Saddles," the call to battle, struck terror into the hearts of Army wives. Each wondered if she would be widowed or if the role of widowhood would be forced upon her friends. After the men were assembled, they rode out proudly to the strains of "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

In order to hide their tears and anxiety from their husbands, many wives did as Elizabeth Burt did; they refused to watch the column's ride of the fort. They preferred to say goodbye behind closed doors. Fear and weeping were private.

Separations were even more poignant for women with children. They had to assume both roles, father and mother. Fathers might be gone six to nine months. When they returned, sometimes their toddlers did not know them. Not infrequently a trooper returned to find that one of his children had died.

Apprehension mounted when Indian trouble took place near a post. The Fetterman Massacre on December 21, 1866 at Fort Phil Kearny was heard by the victims' wives. Afterwards, Mrs. Grummond, whose husband was killed during that engagement, described the

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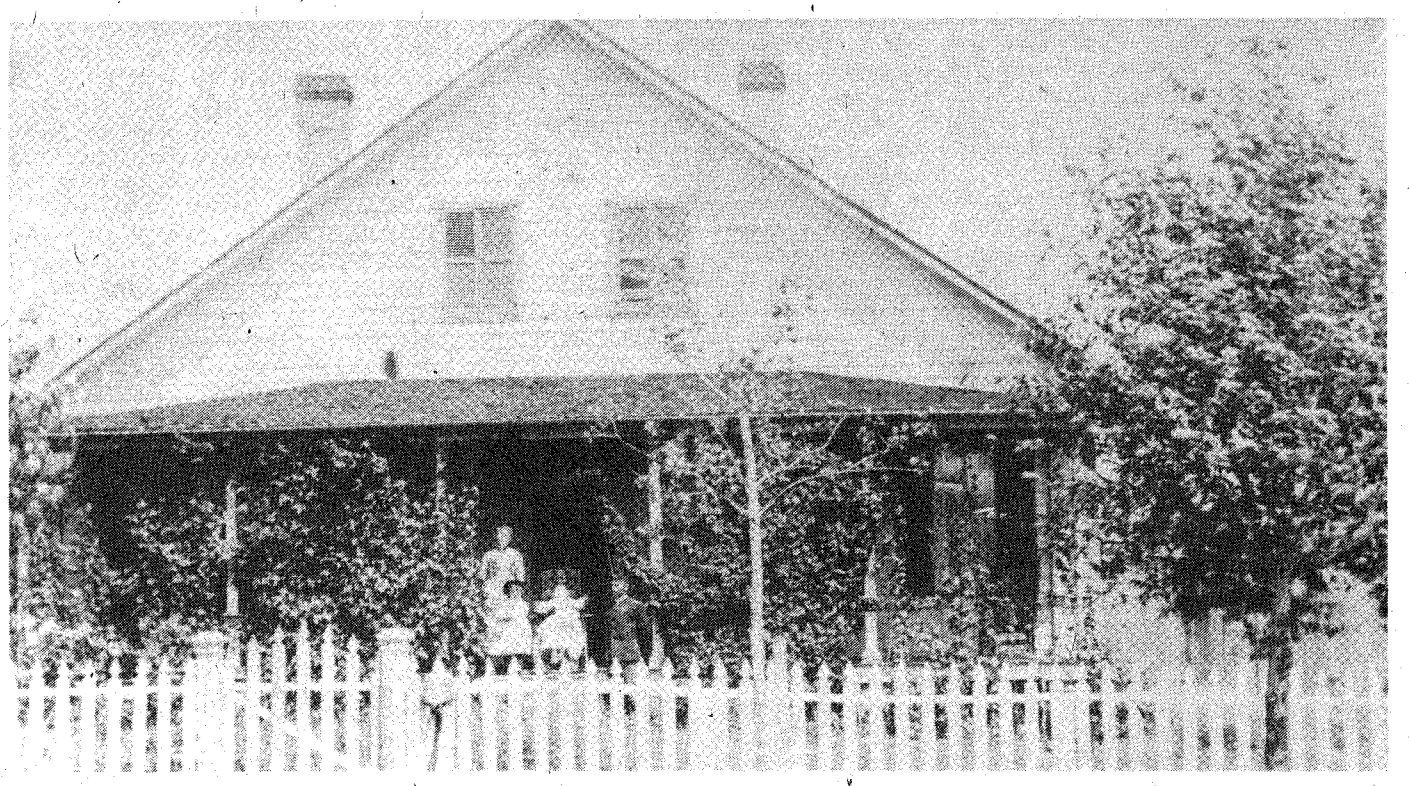

Lt. and Mrs. Garrard Valeria in front of Junior Officer's Quarters at Ft. McKinney, Wyoming, 1887.

anxiety: "All this time firing was increasing in intensity, and in little more than thirty minutes, after one or two quick volleys, the rattle of file-firing, and a few scattering shots, a perfect silence ensued. There were many anxious hearts, and waiting was perfectly terrible."

Hardships, separations, and general unease occasionally undermined a wife's mental health. Martha Summerhayes became so depressed that she believed the occupants of the post cemetery were calling her to join them. Mrs. McKay became morbid after her child's death and saw imaginery wolves dragging the child from his grave. There were no doctors to consult; the only practical therapy was a vacation with families in the East. As soon as Mrs. Summerhayes and Mrs. McKay improved their morale, they went back West.

For awhile, Martha Summerhayes had questioned whether or not she would return to her husband. She even wrote him, saying that she and the children planned to remain in the East. But after eight months' absence, her husband's love and the Army mystique won out: "I was happy to see soldiers again, the drivers and teamsters, and even the sleek government mules. The old blue uniforms made my heart glad. Every sound was familiar, even the rattling of the harness with ivory rings and harsh sound of heavy brakes reinforced with old leather soles. I was back again in the Army. I had cast my lot with a soldier and where he was, was home to me."

MOVING from post to post was a hardship. Reassignments arrived at inopportune times or on short notice, and after orders arrived, things moved fast. Down came the curtains; the rugs were beaten and rolled; trunks, barrels, and boxes were filled with hay and dishes and linens. Officers were allowed to ship at government expense 1,000 pounds of goods which included all military and personal gear.

Married men were not allocated extra weight allowance for their families' baggage. Only the basic necessities could be retained. Florence Pickering told her daughters not to get sentimental over dance cards, letters, and other mementoes because they could not move all of those items. When an officer was over his allowance, he sold items at a post auction or shipped the items by private freight company or steamship at twelve and one-half cents per pound. If a freight company or steamship company had extra storage space, they might transport an officer's household goods free of charge. In case of accident, the companies were not liable for the destruction of personal property.

Martha Summerhayes once accepted free transportation from a steamship company when she returned from a holiday in the East. The ship burned, and Martha lost everything but the clothes she was wearing. There was no insurance to help her replace those lost goods.

Moving expenses and loss of household items kept families poor. "Each move we made was more difficult than the last. Our allowance of baggage did not begin to cover what we had to take along; and this added greatly to the expense of moving," Martha wrote.

After chests were packed with linens and clothes, and gunny sacks were filled with dishes and hay, the arduous journey to a new post began. Army wives and their children regularly traveled in ambulances or Dougherty wagons, which had open sides with canvas flaps that could be rolled up or down according to the weather. The seats in the ambulances were uncomfortable, and hay-filled pillows were used to pad the seats.

Overnight camps were set up with Quartermaster-supplied tents which had no floors and were furnished with the barest essentials: Army canvas cots, folding camp stools, and folding tables. Cooking was done over open fires, usually by the troopers. All three meals each day consisted of hardtack, beans, bacon, catsup-flavored beef, and coffee. Wild game and fish, when available, provided the only variety.

Other inconveniences were part of moving, with rattlesnakes ranking as the number one nuisance. Each camp was cleared of them before the tents were erected. Some of the wives placed buffalo lariats around their sleeping cots. No one recorded whether or not the lariats deterred any rattlesnakes.

The wind was the number two nuisance. During nights on the plains of Nebraska, Kansas, and Colorado, the wind frequently blew down tents. Food was seasoned with sand and grit. Blown-down tents and gritty food

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were nothing compared to the damage the wind did to the ladies' skin. Not only were their faces windburned, but they were scratched and pitted. While at Fort Lyons, Colorado in 1872, Francis Roe was caught in a sandstorm that pitted her face.

A third sad note in moving was the parting with friends. Friends never knew if they would ever meet again. Army assignments frequently kept them apart for the remainder of their Army careers.

When Eveline Alexander and her husband parted with Captain Myles Keogh, they made plans to meet in the future, but that meeting never took place. Myles Keogh was killed with Custer at the Battle of the Little Big Horn.

Speaking much later of the many hardships and moves, Florence Pickering told her daughters: "How could I complain, for I knew your father was in the Regular Army when I married him, and I took him for 'better or worse,' and don't you ever forget that if you pick an Army man to marry; these moves just happen to be on the 'worse side.'"

MANY women, including Elizabeth Custer, learned to appreciate the positive aspects of Army life. The "esprit de corps" that developed among the wives was one of them. Wives developed a strong, tightly-knit sisterhood dedicated to helping each other during adversity.

Another positive aspect involved the holidays that posts shared like a family. Thanksgiving and Christmas were the gayest times of the year. Army wives would bake and cook for their families, the bachelor officers, and the troops; they would take candies to the barracks for all to share. Everyone helped decorate the post at Christmas time by making chains and cornucopias of yellow paper supplied by the Quartermaster, and by gathering evergreen boughs for wreaths and streamers. On Christmas morning, all of the married couples exchanged visits.

Raising children was difficult on the military frontier. The high alkali content of the water made many children ill. In fact, Mrs. McKay's little girl died from bad water. Inadequate diets caused vitamin deficiencies and diarrhea, and some children wasted away.

Mothers also worried about their children's education. Often children were taught at home because most Army forts did not have schools until 1881 when Army regulations established compulsory education for enlisted men's children.

Rank dictated that officers' children did not have to attend school with enlisted men's children. However, if officers' children did not attend school, their parents were responsible for keeping them quiet during school hours.

On posts where there were schools, the teachers were enlisted men who had good educations. According to Charles Clark, his teacher at Fort Riley, Kansas was Alexander Llennoc, the well-educated son of a wealthy Philadelphia family. A few posts hired female teachers, but their retention rate was low; the school mistresses married the soldiers.

Corporal punishment was not allowed in post schools. Children who broke the rules sat on stools and wore dunce caps, or they sat with their noses placed against the chalkboard. If a child continued to be a problem, the Post Adjutant (the assistant to the Post Commander who handled all administrative problems) suspended the child and sent the parents a letter instructing them to punish the guilty student.

When children reached eleven or twelve, their mothers had to surrender their holds on them. Both boys and girls were sent to Eastern boarding schools where they lived year 'round. Many parents could not afford to bring the children back for vacations. Sometimes years passed before the parents and children were reunited. After Ellen Biddle sent her two sons East, she did not see them for six years.

Boys frequently joined the Army after completing high school because college was too expensive for them, and because the Army represented the type of life to which they were accustomed. If the parents had political influence, then their sons went to West Point. Colonel and Mrs. Burt were able to secure an appointment for their son Reynolds to the Military Academy. After he graduated in 1892, he distinguished himself in battle. On the other hand, many of the girls after graduating went back West and married soldiers. Helen Lacy, daughter of Captain Edgar Lacy, returned and married First Lieutenant Peter Swaine at Fort Snelling, Minnesota in 1865.

Whether the wives were at a post or in transit, Indians posed a threat. All Army wives were given instructions such as those given to Martha Summerhayes in April 1875 as she traveled through Sanford Pass, Arizona Territory: "You have your derringer; and when you see that there is no help for it, if they get away with the whole outfit, why, there's only one thing to be done. Don't let them get the baby, for they will carry you both off — and well, you know the squaws are more cruel than the bucks."

Elizabeth Custer viewed her dangers from Indians as twofold: "I was in peril from death or capture by the savages, and liable to be killed by my own friends to prevent my capture."

Always cautioned to remain calm if they encountered Indians, Mrs. McKay remembered this bit of advice when she met Satanta, the Kiowa chief who was noted for his elequence in council and his fierceness in battle. Mrs. McKay was sewing on her new machine, the only one at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, when Satanta was drawn to her home by the machine's sounds. He went in, sat down, and watched her sew. As calmly as possible, she continued to sew until Satanta tired of watching her and left.

The "noble savage" image was the dominant one among the wives. They had gotten that picture from James Fenimore Cooper's *Leatherstocking Tales*. But soon they discovered there were two types of Indians: those residing outside of military posts who were dirty, cunning animals; and those residing on reservations who fit the picture of beautiful children of nature as depicted in Cooper's novels.

Wives also learned that Indians were capable of committing terrible atrocities upon their victims. Victims who had been staked out, scalped, or tortured were brought back to the post for burial. News of massacres tore at the wives' hearts because, until the units returned from campaigns the women did not know if they were wives or widows. Fear and anxiety were worse when the victims' bodies could not be recovered. If a detachment went into Indian country after bodies, there was a chance more women would be widowed.

When Lieutenant Grummond was killed in the Fetterman Massacre, his wife Frances would not allow Colonel Carrington to risk others' lives trying to rescue the body. "They are beyond all suffering now; you must not imperil other precious lives and make other women as miserable as myself."

AN inadequate pension, the only benefit, was awarded to wives of men killed in action. However, they were obligated to vacate their quarters immediately and to provide their own transportation East. There were two sources of additional assistance for widows. First, the members of their husbands' units collected money to defray transportation costs. Secondly, the wives of men who had insurance policies were assured of receiving ninety per cent of the face value of the policies; insurance companies deducted ten per cent from the policies of men killed in battle.

Few widows were prepared to make livings for themselves and their children. Some wrote their memoirs; others married Army men they had

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A party of army folk from San Antonio at Fort Clark, Texas, 1884. Photo courtesy US Army Military History Institute.

known before. The widow of Frederick Hohmeyer, a soldier killed at the Battle of the Little Big Horn, married Latrobe Brummel, a member of the United States 7th Cavalry who had been ill and stayed behind when the rest of Custer's men marched to their deaths. Mrs. Hohmeyer had known Brummell at Fort Abraham Lincoln, Dakota Territory.

Why did these women risk their health and lives to be camp followers? Women such as Emily Fitzgerald went because they were in love. "Doctor has felt very badly about his detail on my account, but I tell him I would rather live in Sitka with him than in Paradise with any other man."

Still others, like Ellen Biddle, prided themselves on exceeding the capabilities of most Eastern women: "Off the men went, Mrs. Cresson and I getting our rifles ready; in case they should be needed and which we knew how to handle; for all the ladies in those days went out to target practice and were taught the use of firearms."

Finally, some wives went West and stayed because military life was exciting. They did not consciously seek the many challenges, but once they met them, most found the experience heady.

Femininity and respect were not sacrificed by those women who endured the hardships of frontier life. Elizabeth Custer in *Boots and Saddles* stated that Army wives, though they had no visible scepters or thrones, were queens who ruled willing subjects — their husbands and the troops.

Doctor McKay expressed his admiration for his wife: "I wish here to pay my tribute to one who shared with me all of the sorrows, and most of the hardships herein related, and many others not considered sufficiently important to mention. One who seldom complained; whose courage never faltered; whose abiding faith often prompted her to say, 'It will all come out for the best in the end.' "

Not only were the wives respected by the soldiers and cherished by their husbands, they were admired by foreign military men who were impressed with the courage and spirit of the American Army wife. General Phillipe Regis Denes de Keredern de Trobriand, a European soldier who joined the American Army, paid Army wives their highest compliment: "The American women have indeed true breeding; courage in danger, constancy in sacrifices, resignation under privations, abnegation in their devotion, seem to be inherent virtues in their characters. No one could adapt oneself more resolutely to circumstances, accomodate oneself better to adventures, nor brave with such humor the harshness of military life upon the frontier."

Martha Summerhayes' conclusion to her memoirs summed up all of the wives' views about the bad times, the pleasures, and the pride in their lives on the frontier, even as it also revealed a certain romanticism about the military: "My early experiences were unusually rough. None of us seek such experiences, but possibly they bring with them a sort of recompense, in that simple comforts afterwards seem by contrasts, to be the greatest luxuries.

"I am glad to have known the Army; the soldiers, the line, and the staff; it is good to think of honor, and chivalry, obedience to duty, and the pride of arms, to have lived amongst men whose motives were unselfish and whose aims were high; amongst men who served as an ideal; who stood ready, at the call of their country, to give their lives for a Government which is to them the best in the world.

"Sometimes I hear the still voices of the Desert; they seem to be calling me through the echoes of the Past. I hear, in fancy, the wheels of the ambulances crunching the small, broken stones of the malpais, or grating swiftly over the gravel of the smooth white roads of the river-bottoms. I hear the rattle of the ivory rings on the harness of the six-mule team; I see soldiers marching

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ahead; I see my white tent, so inviting after a long day's journey."

The wives' diaries, letters or journals I've seen echo Martha Summerhayes' sentiments and reemphasize the patience, endurance, and ingenuity needed to make military life both successful and tolerable. They endured with stoicism the privations and dangers. Even though not all of them provide the reader with quotable quotes such as "glittering misery" to describe the military life-style; or "Brass Buttons' homes" to describe post housing, the wives left an unforgettable picture of frontier military life and the standards they set for themselves. As Ellen Biddle stated, with pride, "I was entirely without luxuries and comforts, and had many privations, but all of the Army ladies had the same discomforts . . . there were few complaints, and never by a thoroughbred."

MARGARET CARRINGTON, wife of Colonel Henry B. Carrington, summed up the attitude of most wives who followed their husbands from one military outpost to another: "I never could, I never would, and I never will became obsolete; and in their places were those other impulses: I wouldn't, but I must and I will, or I could, I can, and I do."

Since the beginning of American history, wives have followed their soldier-husbands: wives accompanied General Arthur St. Clair's columns to Ohio in 1791; Mrs. Whistler and her children accompanied Captain John Whistler to Fort Dearborn in 1803; and Elizabeth Custer accompanied General George Custer to Winchester in 1864. All suffered grave hardships and dangers, but they did as Mrs. Carrington did — they followed where they were led.

Four categories of women were present at forts: wives and daughters of officers; wives and daughters of enlisted men; laundresses; and prostitutes. According to Army regulations before 1900, all of these women were classified as "camp followers." Officers were allowed quarters of one room, fodder and trappings for two horses, and several sets of uniforms. To the army, wives were not essential equipment.

There were three types of officers' wives: those who refused to follow their husbands to the West; those who followed, but became discouraged by the privations they encountered and returned home; and those who stayed to make homes for their husbands in the quarters available. This last group is the only one about which substantial information is available.

A majority of the officers' wives had been accustomed to proper and polite society, were sheltered during childhood by their parents, and were sheltered during girlhood by finishing schools where they learned to speak French, to dance, to embroider, to play piano, and to cook floating puddings and quince jelly. The sordid side of life was hidden from their eyes and ears, but all changed for those who chose to follow Uncle Sam's Army.

If they adopted an attitude similar to Elizabeth Custer's, then wives discovered that life could be bearable in spite of primitive conditions; rough language and brawling soldiers. "People are mistaken if they imagine for a moment that happiness arises from their accessories or surroundings," Elizabeth contended.

Patience, endurance, and ingenuity were essential. Indian-fighting troopers spent much of their time in the field; women were left to fend for themselves. They endured childbirth, family separations, threats of Indian attacks, and years of anxiety. Many were ill-prepared to treat the ill, sew clothes from home-made patterns, and cook wild game, but they learned.

THE FIRST hardship to overcome was the initial trip westward. Often wives traveled alone because their husbands' orders did not give an officer time to make arrangements for the journey. Since railroads did not connect all sections of the country, wives traveled by train as far as possible, then boarded stagecoaches (wryly called "jerkies" because they threw their passengers against the sides of the coaches while seesawing back and forth). Coach travel was expensive; a trip in the late 1860s from Missouri to Denver cost $175 (fare only). The Army did not pay wives' fares; each couple had to defray its own expenses.

Accomodations at stage stops were also expensive — and seedy. Room prices varied from ten dollars to fourteen dollars per day without board. Regardless of what sex the passengers were, fellow travelers often shared rooms with each other. Alice Baldwin and her children shared their room with a group of men. Privacy for dressing required a lot of cooperation, she recalled.

The standard fare at stage stations — headcheese, cornbread, and sweet potatoes — was washed down with strong, black coffee. Even though such a meal cost only fifty cents in 1869, a Mrs. McKay who was traveling to Fort Arbuckle, Oklahoma, preferred to exist on cookies she had brought with her.

Officers "chose" the living quarters at the post in the time-honored way — by rank. In order to obtain a suitable set, officers ranked-out other officers; ranking-out was common practice in the Army until 1920. That particular

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policy allowed a senior officer to move a junior officer out of a set of quarters, and then the senior officer moved into the vacated quarters. The ranked-out officer then moved another junior officer out of his quarters. This process continued in a falling-domino fashion until sometimes everyone was compelled to change. Wives quickly learned the value of rank. Martha Summerhayes expressed disgust with this custom; however, after being ranked-out she did not mind turning others out. She knew that junior officers must respect their seniors. Junior officers hated being ranked-out, but they did not respect the officer who did not insist upon his privilege to inconvenience them.

The quality of quarters presented a problem. There were no Army regulations governing their quality, size, or type of building material. Each fort was responsible for its own design and construction. At Fort Clark, Texas in 1855, a wife lived in a log-cabin made of green logs that separated as they dried and left slits large enough for cats, rats, and mice to come and go at will. Camp Nichols; Oklahoma, had stone buildings that were half below ground. Dirt roofs were supported by logs; rooms had dirt floors; blankets were used for doors, and white cloth for windows.

Mrs. Carrington commented about making these primitive quarters more livable: "The adobe, with its unplastered surface, and the dropping of dirt from the earth-covered roof, is one variety; and the log-cabin is another variety; either of which involves much ingenuity, not to say genius, as the mind struggles to give them neatness and comfort. Yet either of these soon becomes home."

Mrs. Roe's comments about quarters provide insight into why wives were challenged by their crude surroundings: "She knows that the stay is indefinite, that it may be for six months, or possibly six years, but that matters not. It is her Army home — Brass Buttons' home — and however discouraging its condition may be, for his sake she pluckily and with wifely pride performs miracles, always making the house comfortable and attractive."

One family's quarters were so desperately crowded at Fort Abraham Lincoln, Nebraska that one mother built three-tiered bunkbeds. The top child must have hung on for dear life! Other women transformed boards covered with mattresses into chaise lounges, stuffed pillows with hay, and sewed Army blankets together to make rugs. There were no closets or cabinets; footlockers and apple crates were converted into storage places for clothing, linens, and dishes.

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FOR the initial trip West, most military men and their dependents were too inexperienced to determine what household items should be taken. Martha Summerhayes' husband informed her that the Army Quartermaster would supply her with kitchen utensils. All she needed to take was a minimum amount of dishes and linens. Indeed, the Quartermaster did issue Martha's kitchen utensils: a yard-long ladle, a two-gallon coffee pot, and several kettles that held enough food for fifty men. As a result she prepared the "most atrocious meals that ever a new husband had to eat."

Other Quartermaster supplies were equally inadequate. Quartermaster beds were six-foot-long logs tied together and covered with mattresses or boughs and blankets. Army folding tables were supplied for dining purposes; the Quartermaster, however, did not necessarily issue stools or chairs to go with them.

Domestic chores were made twice as difficult by the lack of proper cooking tools, by kitchens that were too small, by shortages of food staples, and by shortages of water. When quarters did contain kitchens, frequently the stoves would not work. It was not unusual for wives to cook all of their meals outside over open fires. They also had mess with the bachelor officers when no kitchens were available in the quarters.

The commissary stocked only a few commodities: Bombay duck (dried fish), beans, coffee, beef, bacon, hardtack, and pink butter which tasted like axle grease. When chocolate, prunes, and raisins were finally added, wives and soldiers rejoiced.

Fresh vegetables, eggs, and milk were luxuries. The commissary did not sell fresh produce. At most posts, enlisted men maintained gardens and sold their vegetables to the married officers. Milk, if obtainable, was rationed according to rank. Many families saved their money and purchased their own cows.

Wives were permitted to wash clothes only when a post had a sufficient amount of water, and it was mostly just an exchange of new dirt for old dirt. They had problems drying those clothes because the wind blew so much dirt onto them, especially at posts in the Southwest or on the Plains.

Water rationing affected other activities besides laundry. During such times, fires that broke out in quarters were allowed to burn out of control. While the Custers were stationed at

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Fort Abraham Lincoln, a fire destroyed their quarters and belongings. No water could be spared for fighting the blaze.

Clothing eventually wore out; ordering ready-made garments was slow and costly. It would have been an even greater problem without the generosity of unmarried officers. When unmarried officers returned East on leave, they carried shopping lists for corsets, shoes, lace, material, and ribbons. Neither the ladies who ordered the items nor the officers who purchased and delivered them were embarrassed by the transactions. At least, if they were embarrassed, no one recorded it.

Most Army wives learned to sew their own clothes. They copied the fashions they saw in *Frank Leslie's, Madame Demorest's,* and *Godey's Lady's Book;* they made patterns and created those fashions from linsey-woolsey, delaine, and calico because those fabrics were durable.

Servants were another problem, because girls who were hired as maids did not remain maids. No matter how old or how ugly, they married soldiers and became military homemakers too. Some wives hired Mexican or Indian women, but the language barrier was usually too great to overcome.

Servants on the frontier were not always dependable. Martha Summerhayes' Indian servant stole some treasured hams and doled them out to other Indian families. Mrs. McKay's maid was negligent and caused the death of the McKays' infant son. While the maid was washing clothes in a kettle over an open fire, she was also supposed to be tending to the McKays' son. She did not watch him carefully, and he fell into the kettle and was scalded to death.

Many wives preferred "strikers" to female servants. Enlisted men who spent their off-duty hours working for officer's wives were called strikers, and Martha Summerhayes felt that they were willing to do domestic chores because they missed their own family life.

WITH its inherent slowness, the Army pay system was a source of annoyance (and worse) to the wives whose husbands were away on campaigns against the Indians. Army regulations contained no provisions for wives to receive their husbands' pay in their absence, and there was no allotment system to provide dependents with subsistence pay. Many wives relied on credit from the sutlers or on the generosity of families and friends for food and supplies.

Congress was also remiss in appropriating the necessary funds to pay the men themselves. This negligence irritated the wives, including Emily Fitzgerald, who wrote bluntly, "It is as bad as repudiating the national debt to refuse to pay the hired soldier. If a government is worth anything at all, out of respect for itself it should keep up a respectable Army. We are all sort of disgusted with things in Washington."

Disease and death from cholera, malaria, scarlet fever, dysentery, and scurvy were constant threats. Army doctors were not obligated to treat military dependents, so wives looked out for each other as best they could. The dominant feeling among them was that most Army doctors were more suited to dressing gunshot wounds and treating syphilis than treating sickness and delivering babies. Occasionally officers returned to their post after a long absence and found that their families had perished in an epidemic. In August 1855, Major Wood's wife and children died from cholera that struck Fort Riley, Kansas while the Major was on temporary duty at Fort Kearny, Nebraska.

Even though the Army was in a "lethal" business, most posts were not prepared to deal with death. There were neither undertakers nor coffin makers in residence. The women of the posts prepared bodies for burial. According to Elizabeth Custer, "Nobody took dying into consideration out there in those days. All were well and able-bodied, and almost everyone was young who ventured into that new country. So no lumber had been provided for coffins. For a time the rudest receptacles were hammered together made of hardtack boxes."

In the Southwest, coffins were used only to lay out bodies because wood was so scarce. When the bodies were committed to the earth, they were sewn into linen bags; thus coffins could be reused.

Inconsistency in mail delivery was another discouraging fact of life. If mail arrived, it frequently took over a month. When a mail carrier was killed and his mail stolen or burned, depression settled over a post. Word from home was vital to good morale because it relieved loneliness and monotony even when the letters brought bad news and tears.

Boredom was an especially difficult adversary for wives to overcome. Due to the close proximity in which everyone lived, friction developed between the closest of friends. There were few women on any post, so they were forced to be constant companions, compatible or not. Second Lieutenant Charles Larned commented that the ladies of Officers Hart, Benteen, McIntosh, Yates, Gibson, Calhoun, Godfrey, and Custer lived in such cramped and close quarters at Camp Yankton, Dakota Territory, that they made the air warm with tension.

In order to pass the time, wives established theatrical groups, reading groups, hunting and fishing expeditions, cotillions, skating parties, card parties, and sewing bees. Post soldiers built the theaters, painted the scenery on condemned canvas tacked to wooden frameworks, used tallow candles as footlights, and converted narrow benches into seats. Most of the acting was done by the soldiers, though at Fort Hartsuff, Nebraska in 1879 Myrtie Davis, Mrs. Satterlee, Jennie Pearson, and Mrs. Pearson — all dependents of Army officers — participated in theater performances.

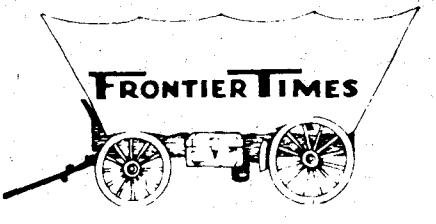
The women in the audience occupied seats on the front rows, the places of honor, and viewed such works as "Cricket on the Hearth," "Major De Boots," "Everybody's Friend," "De-Varville," or "Camille." An evening at the post theater was rounded out with a sing-along. The most popular songs were "Tenting Tonight," "Old Hundred," "Nearer My God to Thee," "Annie Laurie," and "When Swallows Homeward Fly."

Francis Grummond established a reading group at Fort Phil Kearny, Wyoming, because she thought that books served to make a tent or a cabin more home-like. Other wives established reading groups in order to continue their education in foreign languages, religion, history, philosophy, cuisine, or dressmaking.

Hunting and fishing expeditions were popular among those who enjoyed horseback riding and nature. Many wives owned their own horses and prided themselves on their riding ability. Frances Roe recorded in her memoirs that she had ridden twenty-two horses which had never been ridden by a woman before, and she was never unseated once. Unfortunately, side-saddles were not always available, and cavalry saddles did not lend themselves to layers of skirts.

A few women were brave enough to accompany their husbands on buffalo hunts. In fact, Kate Garrett killed a buffalo.

Mrs. Sokalski enjoyed hunting so much that she raised her own hunting dogs while she was at Camp Cottonwood, Nebraska in 1866. By the time she left the West, she had thirteen hounds.



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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

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MULES AND HORSES

Packin' In On Mules and Horses by Smoke Elser and Bill Brown (Mountain Press Publishing Co., P.O. Box 2399, Missoula, Mont. 59801, $9.95 heavy paper wrappers, 158 pages, 8½ x 11 inches).

This is a how-to-do-it book that also provides good reading. The authors detail a complete packing system which will get you and your stock into and out of the back country safely and efficiently. Smoke Elser is a Montana outfitter and guide. Bill Brown is a writer and publications editor at the University of Montana.

You will find everything you need to know about back country packstring travel. The authors describe camp equipment, transportation and trailering of stock, packing up at the trail head and selecting a good camp.

Numerous photographs and illustrations are included. And nearly every page contains tricks of the trade of the professional outfitter. The appendix also contains valuable information including a list of the equipment you would need for an eight-day pack trip (for four people), the grocery list, menus and how to package the loads. Another appendix describes through words and pictures rope knots used by outfitters. Recommended.

KIOWA COUNTY OKLAHOMA

Pioneering In Kowa County by Clyde Callahan (Kiowa County Historical Society, available from the author, P.O. Box 182, Hobart, Okla. 73651, $25.00 hardcover, 8½ x 11 inches).

This is volume three in the publications of the Kiowa County Oklahoma Historical Society. The nicely produced book contains a wealth of historical information and photographs relating to the sprawling county called Kiowa located just northwest of the Wichita Mountains in southwest Oklahoma.

Students of cattle trade history will find the author's first chapter of particular interest. It is titled "Great Western Cattle Trail — Frontier Highway." And the chapter includes much information on the 19th century Texas cattle drives that crossed Kiowa County and all of what is now western Oklahoma. The author includes statements by old-timers. Many were obtained when men who traveled the trail more than a century ago were still alive.

Callahan also includes capsule histories told by old-timers, and there is a chapter on "Ghost Towns and Lost Places." The book is divided into seven chapters and includes an index. Recommended.

TROLLEY CARS

Fares, Please! Those Portland Trolley Years by John T. Labbe (The Caxton Printers, Ltd., Caldwell, Idaho 83605, $12.95 heavy paper wrappers, 164 pages, 8½ x 11 inches).

This nicely produced book is the story of the birth and growth of the street railway system in Portland, Oregon. The author tells how the pioneer fathers of Portland realized about 1871 that some form of public transportation was needed to hold the community together. He then describes in detail how the first street railway system was established. The first street cars were pulled by horses.

Labbe takes the story of Portland's street railway system including trolley cars well into the 20th century. He has included 269 old photographs plus route maps. One large fold-out map is located toward the front of this highly readable book. Labbe leaves litte doubt in the reader's mind that it was the street railway system that helped to make Portland the city it is today. A good index is included.

NAVAHO HISTORY

If You Take My Sheep by Lynn R. Bailey (Westernlore Press, P.O. Box 4304, Catalina Station, Pasadena, Calif. 91106, $12.00 hardcover, 300 pages, 8½ x 6 inches).

The role played by sheep is often ignored in the history of the American Southwest. The role is not ignored in this interesting new work. In fact, the author tells how sheep created the basis for change in the society of the Navajo Indians. Sheep made it possible for the Navajos to move from hunting and horticulture to animal husbandry.

Bailey's study covers Navajo pastoralism from 1630 to 1868 with much attention given to the Navajo livestock industry. The author tells of the many conflicts that occurred, and how the Navajos coped with the stress of preserving flocks and herds in their harsh environment.

The book is, as the publisher says, "the first book-length study of the emergence of the only truly pastoral people in the New World." Recommended.

ARIZONA RIVERS

Where Water Flows by Lawrence Clark Powell with photographs by Michael Collier (Northland Press, P.O. Box N, Flagstaff, Ariz. 86002, $25.00 hardcover, 64 pages, 8½ x 11 inches).

This handsome new book is about the rivers of Arizona in words and pictures. Author Lawrence Clark Powell, who lives near Tucson, emphasized the significance of the rivers in his state "because they are so few." He leaves no question in the reader's mind that water is very important to the people in Arizona.

His narrative relates the stories of the Colorado, Gila, Salt, Puerco, Zuni, Verde and other rivers. His delightful style touches on historical background plus Powell's own observations of the rivers and the people who live along or near to them.

The book is enhanced by numerous color photographs taken by Michael Collier. Most photos are aerial views, and they add perspective to the reader's understanding of the importance of rivers and the land that is Arizona.

The book is a valuable contribution to Arizona literature and history.

COWBOY FUN

Cowboy Fun by Frank Dean (Sterling Publishing Co., Two Park Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016, $8.95 hardcover, 128 pages, 8 x 10½ inches).

This new book by a World Champion rope twirler looks at "cowboy fun" — roping and riding, cracking whips, sharpshooting and spinning pistols, and throwing knives and axes at lovely ladies. Obviously Dean's idea of cowboy fun is not sitting around a campfire telling windies or singing songs. His fun is more closely linked to the old-time Wild West Show and rodeo. Few of the "stunts" described in this book were ever performed by real ranch cowboys.

Dean has produced a delightful book on stunts by people in Western dress.

(Continued on page 61)

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High Flyer From BOSTON

This "cowboy" had friends who would have given their lives for him — and hundreds of sheep, cattle, and horses actually did!

By WAYNE T. WALKER
Photos provided by author

HENRY MUDGE was a very restless fellow. And like most restless fellows it was just a matter of time until he began to notice where the sun set every day. In 1879 the enthusiastic Bostonian showed up in the Kansas frontier town of Larned, seeking an ideal location for a ranch. Livestock's arch-enemy had arrived to kill them with good intentions.

Henry Sanford Mudge was born in Swampscott, Massachusetts on July 1, 1852. He was the son of Enoch Redington Mudge, a wealthy woolen mills industrialist. Although Henry was the youngest of seven children, only he and two sisters survived by 1880.

As a youth, Mudge was educated at a private school, then entered Harvard College in the autumn of 1870. He had a magnificent physique and was very fond of sports, excelling in all that interested him. He was a proficient boxer, but was truly given a chance to display his endurance and strength as an oarsman. He rowed on the second Freshman and first Senior crews, and in single and double sculls.

Through his astute mind and his cordial and sincere geniality of manner, Mudge made friends with everyone. In 1876 he received his A.B. degree, and for three years (1875-1878) he studied medicine at the Harvard Medical School, but became bored and quit before graduating.

For a year Mudge traveled around Europe, with no responsibilities. Finally, in 1879, he launched out on his first actual independent project since leaving school.

When Mudge arrived in Larned, he was accompanied by Gus Yesogee and a beautiful young lady everyone assumed was his wife. Wanting to scout around for a ranch location, Mudge proceeded to set up headquarters at Larned for about six months. Since houses there, at that time, were very small, Mudge rented two — one to sleep in and one to eat in.

The citizens of Larned were not accustomed to the type of wealth Mudge constantly displayed and he created quite a stir. Soon they learned he was quite a man in more ways than one.

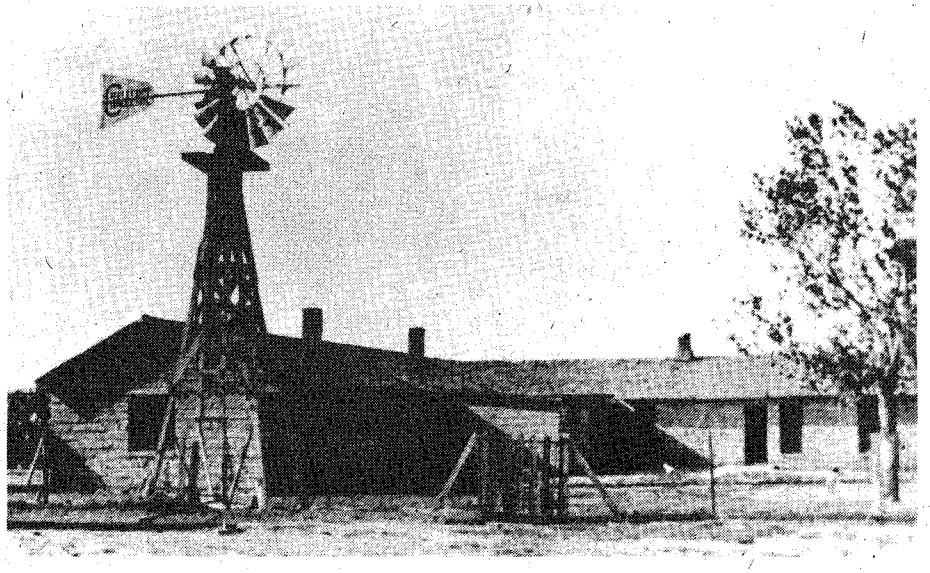
Early one morning Mudge and the beautiful young woman showed up at the livery stable. They wanted to rent a couple of mounts to look over a tract of land. The liveryman brought out a mean, high-kicking iron-grey mustang and handed the reins to Mudge. He also took time out for a surrepititious wink at the local boys standing around gawking.

"Yes, sir," calmly asserted the liveryman, "he's got spirit. That's what you always tell me, Mr. Mudge, to give you one with spirit."

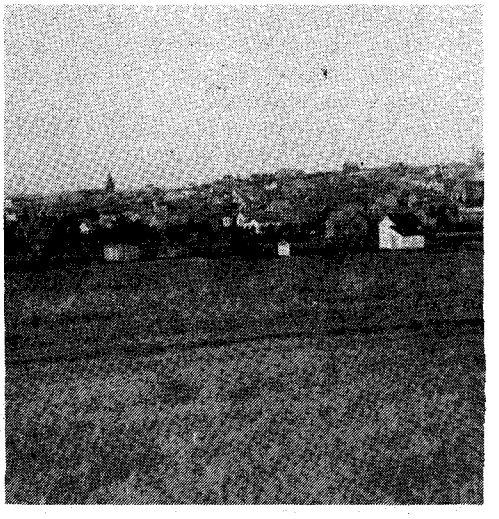
The handsome Henry Mudge — dressed in English hunting clothes, breeches and boots, a big white hat with a silk handkerchief for a hat band — took a tight rein as he grabbed the saddle horn and swung on in the swift movement peculiar to a man of his size. Mudge knew what was going to happen, and he wanted to be set.

He wasn't disappointed! The mustang exploded beneath him, going right straight up and back down on four stiff legs. Mudge had the distinct feeling of having lost the top of his head.

Photos courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka.



The Henry S. Mudge ranch.



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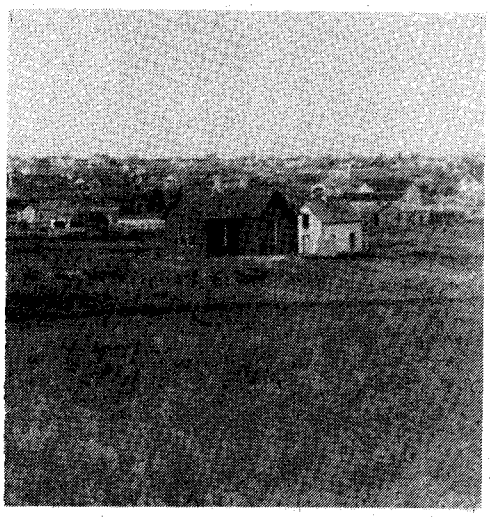

Above: Henry Sanford Mudge — Bostonian who became Cattle King of Hodgeman County. Left: Larned, Kansas in 1879.

Sunfishing and corkscrewing all over the wide street, the mustang did his best to dislodge his human sand burr. Finally, he settled down to crow-hopping up the thoroughfare, then began to run until Mudge reined him to a stop. Much to the amazement of the onlookers, the young Bostonian was still in the saddle after the dust had settled.

Mudge's blue eyes were twinkling as he trotted the sweating iron-grey back to the stable and smiled around at his gaping audience. This dude had actually enjoyed the wild exhibition! He quietly took his white hat someone handed him and said to the liveryman, "Sir, I hope you have a gentler horse for the lady."

The man scurried into the barn and brought out a more sedate saddle mare for the woman dressed in the elaborate riding costume of the times. She was tall and fair, always wearing modish clothes that made the women of Larned gasp in wonderment. Mudge handed her the reins, but she hesitated.

"Is it safe?"

Mudge assured her the horse was fine and she mounted. She rode side saddle, and the two of them trotted out of town to look over the country.

NOT LONG after this incident, an Englishman named Dell Rugg, who ran a feed store and coal yard, told Mudge of a quarter-section of land over in Hodgeman County. At the first opportunity, Rugg rode out with Mudge to look it over. As soon as Mudge saw the swift-running springs, he was sold. He bought the place immediately and filed the papers, proving it up by May 18, 1881.

Paying the highest wages, Mudge employed a large labor force. Every settler living within a twenty-mile radius bolstered his scanty living by working for the wealthy Easterner.

All over that part of Kansas a limestone formation lay near or on the surface. Mudge had this rock quarried, hauled to the ranch site, and dressed. Then it was used to build the ranch buildings and corral fence, as well as posts for the miles of wire fencing. In order to fasten the wire to the huge limestone posts, holes were bored and wooden pegs driven in, with the wire being stapled to the wood.

Although lumber had to be hauled from the nearest railroad town, which was Kinsley, thirty-two miles away, every building would have shingled roofs. This type of roof was simply never seen in western Kansas because of the high cost.

Not long after getting his construction crews started, Mudge accompanied Dell Rugg to Texas, where he bought between 2,000 and 3,000 sheep for his new Kansas ranch.

Roy Lang and Frank Owens, two young employees of Mudge, were put in charge of the flock, and it was hard to say which confused the two herders most — Mudge or the sheep. Mudge had laid out the immense stone corral with the sheep in mind; a board shed roof about 18 feet wide extended around the entire interior of the wall, to shelter them. The sheep fared pretty well during the summer and early fall.

By the time construction work at the ranch was finished, Mudge was

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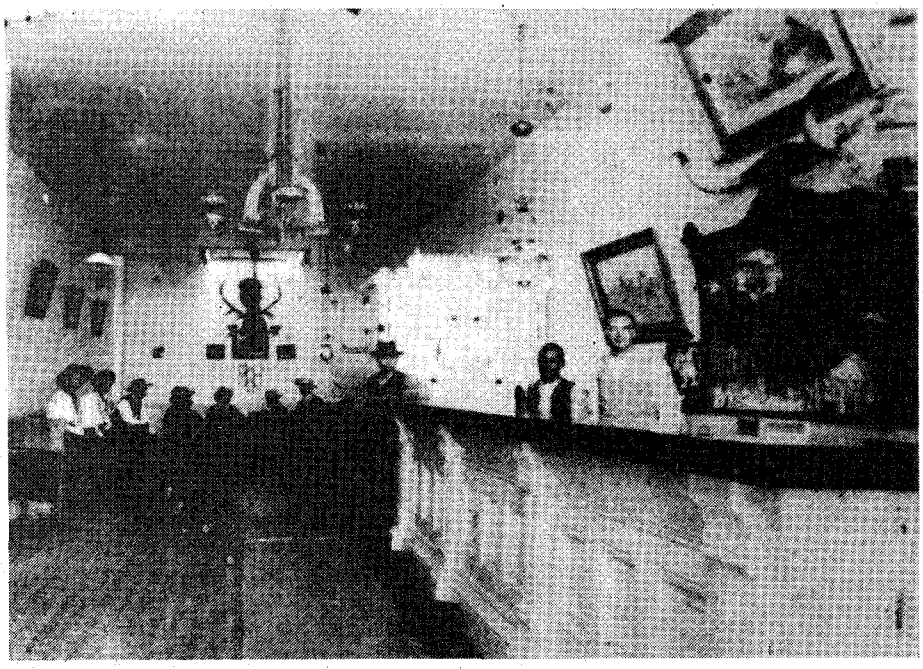
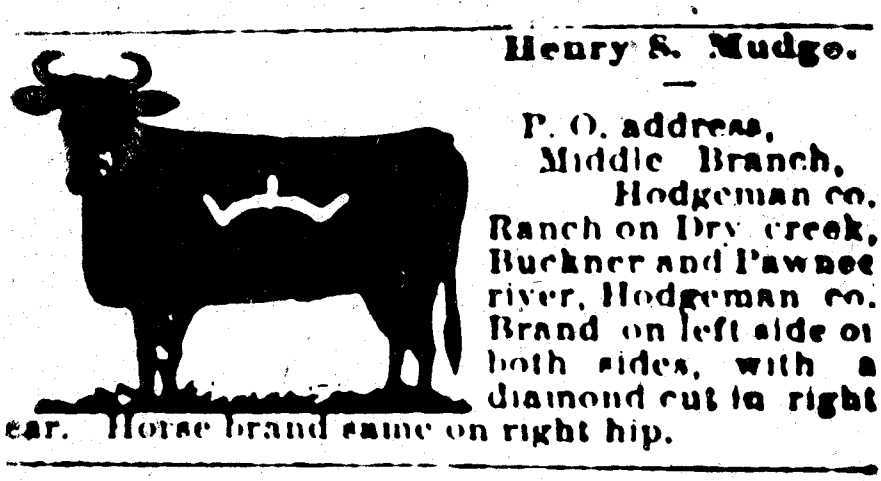
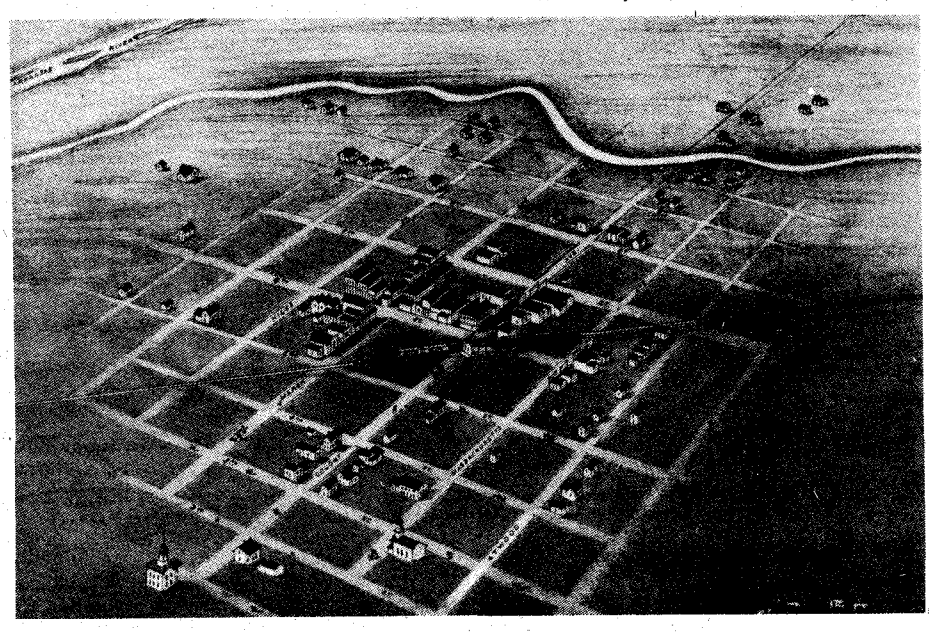


Above: The Long Branch Saloon in Dodge City where Mudge stomped the piano. Below: Cattle brand of the Mudge ranch as published in the *Kansas Cowboy*, Dodge City.



Photos courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka.



Railhead of Kinsley, 1878, from where Mudge hauled lumber and supplies.

immersed in the sheep business and was minus one beautiful companion. The people of Hodgeman County would never see her again.

In late fall Mudge took a trip back to Massachusetts. While he was gone, the ranch foreman discovered the sheep had scab — a skin disease. Nobody on the ranch knew how to cope with it, and nobody wanted the responsibility of attempting to treat the sheep.

Finally, the young ranch owner returned, bringing a party of Boston swingers with him. Most of them were old friends from college days. It was by then the middle of winter, well below freezing most of the time. When Mudge was informed about the sheep, he quickly put his men to work building a vat and dripping floor, since he decided the correct remedy would be to dip.

He forgot one thing — the temperature. The dip was prepared and the sheep driven into it. However, as soon as the sheep reached the dripping floor, the dip liquid froze on the fleece.

Building a huge bonfire in the middle of the corral, Mudge had his men continually drive the sheep around the fire to keep them from freezing to death. If an animal dropped with exhaustion from fighting the cold and the heavy burden of his icy fleece, warm milk would be brought out to thaw him.

Mudge shook his head, saying: "It's not working."

One of his Eastern friends commented, "I say, Hank, why don't you use rum?"

It was meant as a joke, but Mudge in desperation took him seriously. Two gallons of the precious liquid were

S.S. Prouty, editor of the *Kansas Cowboy*, Dodge City.

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wasted in trying to revive the iced-over woolies.

Mudge, his friends, and the ranch-hands stayed up all night keeping the sheep circling the fire. In spite of this — or perhaps because of it — most of the sheep that had been "doctored" with the milk or rum died before dawn.

Many of the stories handed down from old-timers about this unfortunate flock are quite wild, but they are part of the Mudge legend — such as the one about the sheep getting away from their herders and crossing over into forbidden fields. Mudge thought this was ridiculous and entirely unnecessary. The answer was simple enough — train them!

He had his herders set up an arbitrary line and whenever a sheep wandered across this line, it was shot! Reportedly almost 500 sheep gave their all to this highly speculative education.

The experiment in raising sheep lasted until the spring of 1883. As it did for many sheep ranchers of western Kansas, the killing blizzard of February totaled out a loss for the Mudge ranch. By that time, however, Mudge had seen enough sheep to last him a lifetime. He sold the survivors as soon as possible.

REPLACING the sheep with 400 head of Durham cattle, Mudge also began buying wild mustangs from eastern Colorado. One time he decided he might do better or as well buying horses from other ranchers in the area and proceeded to pay good money for a bunch of mangy scrubs from a rancher south of Buckner. Mudge tried to cure the mange by mixing up a concoction which his cowhands applied by dipping a rag in the mess and rubbing it on the horses until their hair was thoroughly soaked.

This didn't work out too well. Mudge had his men rope and throw them in order to get close enough to doctor them. When one side was covered then the horse had to be let up and thrown again to apply it on the other side. Several sweating, swearing days were required to finish the chore.

The next herd Midge bought wound up with two-thirds of them being locoed.

There was a great demand for horses in the country, and although breaking the wild ones was hard, grueling work, they sold readily at good prices.

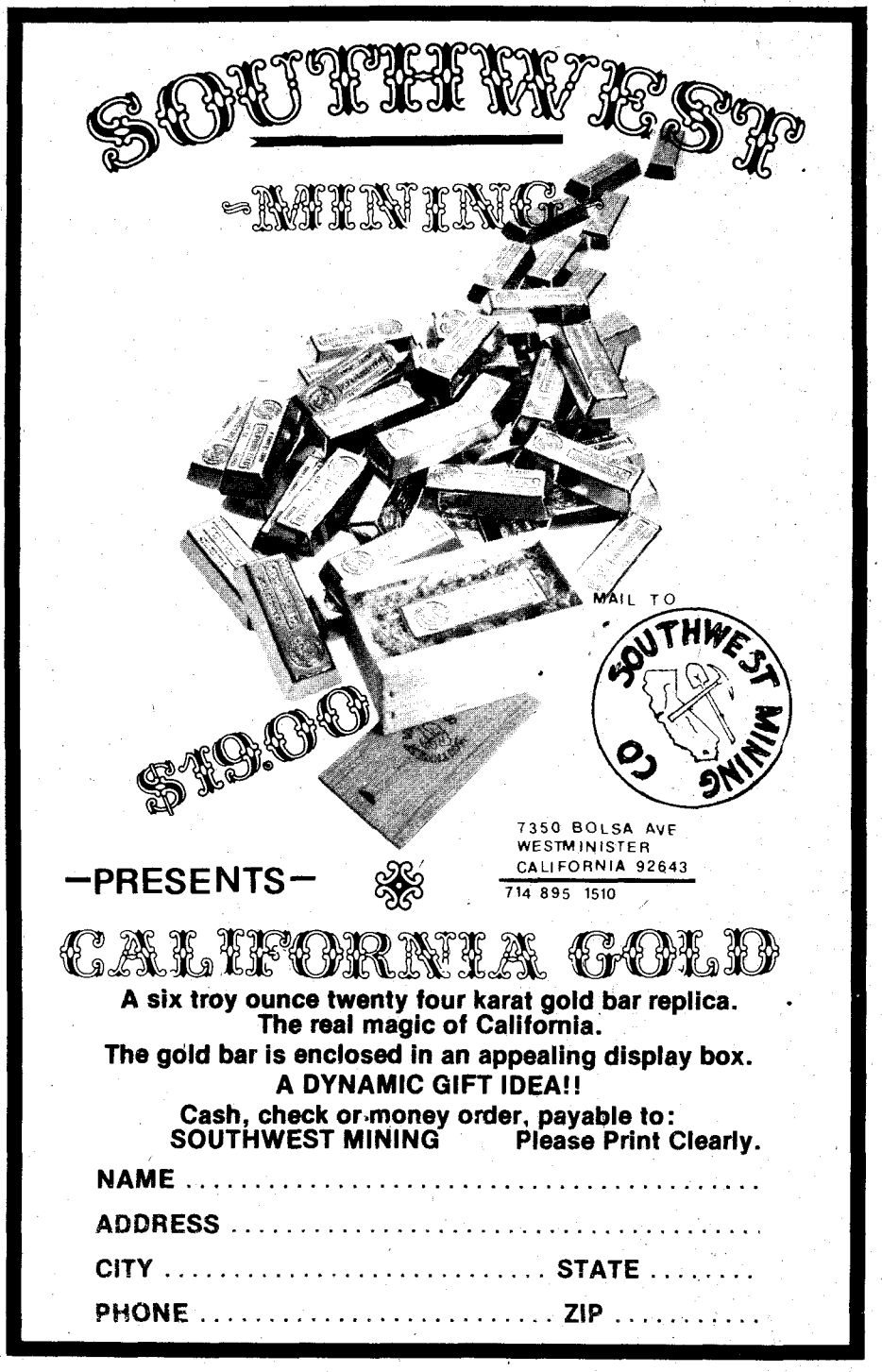
Naturally a large string of horses was always kept on the ranch — Thoroughbred driving horses, saddle horses, well-trained cow ponies, strong Percheron work horses, and tough-skinned mules. Two or three teams were kept constantly on the road hauling supplies from Larned, Kinsley or Dodge City. Mudge took great pride in his fine driving equipment and prancing thoroughbreds.

S.S. Prouty, editor of the *Kansas Cowboy* in Dodge City, after a two-day visit to the ranch, was driven by Mudge to Kinsley to catch a train back to Dodge. On the way they stopped at a neighboring spread and forgot to watch the time. With sixteen miles to go, the equine flyers made it in just an hour and fifteen minutes.

It was wonderfully invigorating and great sport for Mudge's visitors to gallop over the limitless prairies hunting all kinds of wild game — big and small. The small settlers saw many gay horseback parties, with the women in fancy riding attire and the men in decorative cowboy outfits.

Like other wealthy Easterners who took up cattle ranching, Mudge became increasingly land hungry — land to stock with more and more cattle. Inevitably he resorted to a practice used extensively all over the West, that of having men file on pre-emptions. These preemptors were required to live on their places for six months, then by "paying out" on the land they could prove up.

Mudge would stake them to the filing money, hire the men at good



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wages to work on his ranch while they were holding down their claims, then pay them $200 for the patent. Immediately after they received the patent from Washington, it was turned over to Mudge.

While he was so actively buying land and livestock, Mudge joined the West Central Kansas Stockgrowers Association made up of the large area stockmen.

After hiring a Texan named Maxwell as foreman, Mudge ordered his cowboys to stop feeding the cattle as he had been told they never fed cattle in Texas. The first winter was mild, so Mudge's cattle got along on the range. However, it was a different story the following winter, which was a rough one. Mudge refused to let his men use the plentiful feed until almost spring. By that time the cattle had begun dying from starvation.

So much of this feed was left that in the late spring after the crisis had passed, Mudge ordered it burned to get it out of the way.

Mudge wasn't alone in his theory. There was a great deal of controversy over the necessity of feeding cattle in western Kansas during the winter, with most cattlemen arguing that it wasn't necessary, as any loss would be too small in percentage to affect profits. Many of these cattlemen went broke that year of 1885, still refusing to admit that cattle should be fed through the winter.

So, actually, Mudge was not only following Maxwell's advice, but the tenets of the Stockgrowers Association as well. Where he differed from the other stockmen was in the fact that he had plenty of feed on hand and could have used it every winter. The other ranchers never raised any feed, and would have faced a big outlay of cash.

AT the ranch Mudge kept a small drugstore of medicine and first-aid supplies, and this was a godsend for many people in the vicinity. He would not visit a patient, but after hearing particular symptoms he would send medicine that he thought matched the ailment. There was never any charge for the medicine, for he knew the financial problems of his neighbors. Besides, he wasn't licensed.

Of course, he personally doctored his employees when they became ill or were injured, and even set broken bones. There were certainly enough shattered and broken bones when the wild mustangs from Colorado were being gentled. During a smallpox epidemic Mudge vaccinated all of his employees.

When his ranch house had neared completion, Mudge one day popped out with, "What if one of us should die out here? We need someplace to lay us out and prepare us for burial."

He immediately ordered the amazed workers to build one more room at the extreme east end which was partitioned off from the rest of the house by a solid stone wall. It was thereafter referred to as the "dead room."

Underneath the east wing of the house was the wine cellar, which was replenished constantly. Whole barrels of whiskey were stored there, and Mudge's freighters hauled wine, brandy, rum, beer, and other spirits from Kinsley by the wagonload. His guests had free access to the cellar.

For several years the creek bed below the main ranchhouse was full of whiskey bottles and beer kegs. After some of his own wild carousing and drinking, Mudge would subsist for a couple of days solely on buttermilk.

The wildest of these revels occurred when Mudge was initiating Easterners who were visiting his ranch for the first time. Heavy drinking and gunplay were always an important part of these reckless rites, and ranch employees would be awakened at all hours of the night by loud shots coming from the main house where some poor dude was learning the ways of the West.

Sometimes when a dude became "blind" drunk, the Western fraternity brothers would shoot at his feet or over his head, and then daub chicken blood on him. He would be convinced he was seriously wounded. If during the shooting, a victim passed out from the booze and the shock of being shot at, he was given the full treatment. He was carried into the dead room and laid out on the bed, liberally doused with blood, his arms folded across his chest, and then left in that awesome place with a candle casting its eerie light. What an awakening he must have had.

No one was ever actually wounded in all this shooting, just scared almost to death. Mudge himself was an expert marksman, as many stories bear out. One night he was certainly glad he was.

He was on a roundup with his men and was lying in his bedroll on the prairie. As the air began to chill towards morning, Mudge acquired a wriggling bed partner. Giving forth a genuine Kiowa war cry, Mudge leaped out of the bedroll and grabbed his six-gun, emptying it into the huge rattler crawling out of the blankets.

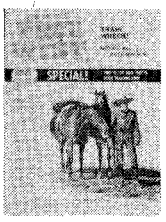
The Boston cowboy certainly spread his marks around. Almost every saloon, gaming alley and hotel displayed bullet scratches or boasted damages covered by a Mudge check. If the window in a hotel didn't open easily, Henry Mudge kicked it out. There are numerous recorded incidents about his destructive way with inferior pianos when in his cups.

One such incident took place in the Long Branch Saloon in Dodge City, where the manager kept insisting that Mudge play for the patrons since reportedly he was quite an accomplished musician. Impatient with the constant badgering, Mudge jumped to his feet and proceeded to stomp on the piano.

Again, he wrote out a check and informed the proprietor, "Get a good piano, sir, if you want me to play."

But alas, the time came when the ever-ready check book began to run short. Fortunately for the Mudge Ranch, it had not been compelled to operate on its profits. Enoch Redington Mudge had died on October 1, 1881, and his will had been probated on October 25 at Salem, Essex County, Massachusetts. Most of the estate was left in a trust fund for his wife and three remaining children.

In only a few months, the widow died. Thereafter income from the trust



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fund was divided among the children.

But now young Mudge had overdrawn his allowance for three or four years in advance, and could raise no more money. He began giving mortgages on his land and stock; then in 1885 the entire ranch property passed into the hands of a receiver.

One thing should be remembered — in those days no one knew the proper methods of raising crops or livestock in western Kansas and many things were done that seem foolish in light of modern operations and knowledge. Mudge's errors were magnified by the size of his undertakings, his inexperience and his haphazard attention to business.

Failure to make money on his cattle was not entirely his fault, for prices had declined steadily from the time he switched from sheep to cattle. For almost a decade very little money was made in the cattle industry.

After returning to the East, Mudge became private secretary to General Q.A. Gilmore, chief engineer of construction of the Brooklyn Elevated Railroad. Then in 1888 his overpowering wanderlust took him to Australia on a sailing ship. He did a great deal of private exploring over Australia, including safaris into the bush. He also journeyed to Borneo, Java, China and Japan.

"Just for the sport of it," he went to Norfolk Island in the South Pacific and signed on a whaling ship as an oarsman. When a whale was spotted, the long boats were lowered and the crew of oarsmen took over, chasing after the monster of the deep until the men in the bow could harpoon it. This was a grueling task and only the brawny were suited for oarsmen. Mudge stayed at this for three months, then returned to America.

In the fall of 1892 he went to the Rocky Mountains in Montana, near the Canadian line, shooting and making geological surveys until the following spring.

On August 3, 1898 he was married to Margueritte (de Wolf) Allen, great-granddaughter of James de Wolf, United States Senator from Rhode Island. Mudge lived thereafter in Bristol, R.I. A daughter, Estelle, was born August 18, 1901.

For some reason, the middle name of Mudge was changed from Sanford to Holbrook by an act of the Rhode Island Legislature in February 1899.

On January 6, 1908, the heart of Henry Holbrook Mudge was stilled. His was a life of adventure. He was an Easterner, a Westerner, a man of many parts. Maybe he wasn't the world's greatest raiser of sheep, cattle, and horses, but he ran through a fortune trying to be.

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52	Summer 1977	1.25
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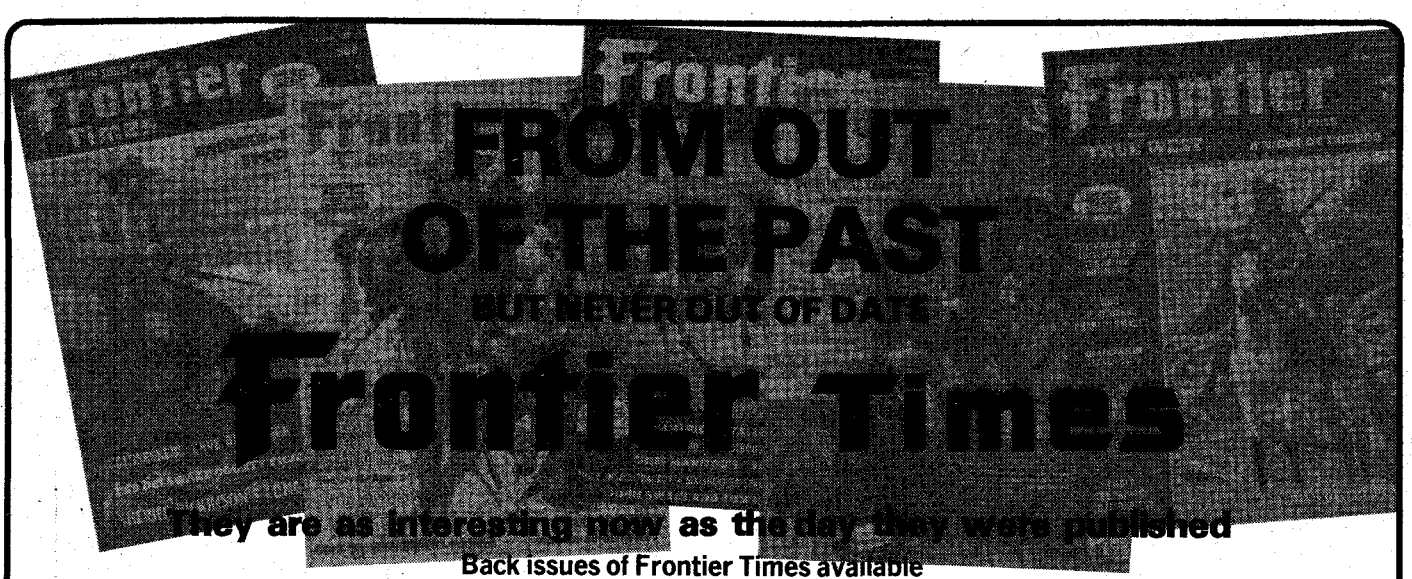

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RAILS, WRECKS

ONE sunny noontime in August 1895, Adele Kellermeier then twenty-seven years old, started across the multiple railroad tracks in Allegheny, Pennsylvania. There were six or eight, two of them the main line that carried fast passenger trains in and out of Pittsburgh. The tracks curved along the river, but the curvature was not great enough to slow the trains below fifty or sixty miles an hour. However, that curvature could hide from view a train that was at some distance.

Adele saw a fast train approaching westbound. She slowed her pace, crossing the other tracks slowly so as to let it pass in front of her. The iron horse, as trains were then called, came on with a tremendous roar that drowned out all other sound. The young woman was standing some ten feet away as the engine and its coaches began flashing by.

Suddenly something brushed against her ankle. She glanced down to see a tiny puppy, whimpering and cowering against her dress. In that same instant she became aware that a second train was roaring down from the other direction. Later Adele realized that the stream of white steam she saw pouring from the top of the engine that was about to strike her, was the futile blowing of its whistle in an attempt to warn her; but she could hear nothing but the pound and roar of the first train, which was still passing.

Adele just had time to take one quick step forward. Then the terrific suction of the second train grabbed at her dress. She stood between the main line tracks, torn by two winds that sucked and pulled at her, while the coaches of the rushing trains scraped away the air around her and threw gusts of dirt and cinders in her face.

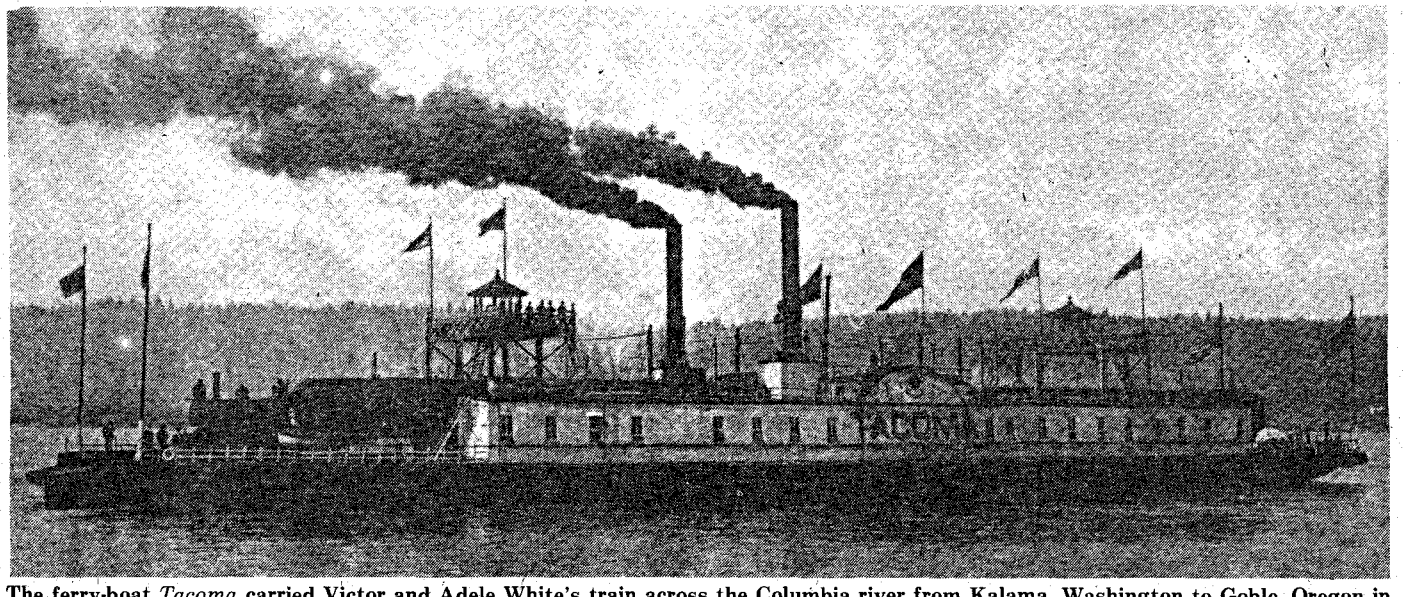
It was all over in half a minute. She survived without a scratch. And the helpless little puppy, still cowering at her feet, looked up at her, visibly shaking and whimpering.

Where did the puppy come from that had saved Miss Kellermeier's life? She never knew and could never explain it. "I must have a guardian angel that leads me into adventure with railroads but always protects me," she said, "because only three weeks before that, I was going home to Steubenville for the week-end but the streetcar I was taking to the railroad station was delayed by a horse that fell on the track. My train was leaving as I arrived. I ran through the station yelling, 'I want to get on that train!' I rushed past the gatekeeper, holding my ticket up in my hand and yelling that I wanted to get aboard. But the train was gathering headway and it left without me. The next morning, safe at home by a later train, I read in the newspaper how that train, which I had missed, was wrecked. Twenty people had been killed and a larger number injured. It wasn't a puppy on the track that time, but a fallen horse on a streetcar line."

A YEAR LATER, Adele married, and a year after that her husband took her West on the Union Pacific. Nothing happened to the train, but as it rose into thinner air at an altitude of over 7,000 feet crossing the Continental Divide, Adele suffered a heart attack. The young woman did no traveling for awhile.

In 1917, she went from Seattle to Chicago on the Great Northern. Crossing eastern Montana at a speed of seventy or eighty miles an hour, the passengers on the Oriental Limited felt the train suddenly accelerate to even greater speed. There was a slight, almost imperceptible, bump and something was seen flashing past the windows that looked like pieces of a torn overcoat. The conductor explained, "We struck a cow. That was why the engineer gave her full throttle and we speeded up. High speed assures that a cow will be thrown clear without danger of getting under the train and derailing us." That wasn't much of an accident but it kept the record intact that if Adele got near a train,

If Adele got near a train, something was sure to happen — she seemed to give Fate the green eye!



The ferry-boat *Tacoma* carried Victor and Adele White's train across the Columbia river from Kalama, Washington to Goble, Oregon in 1906.

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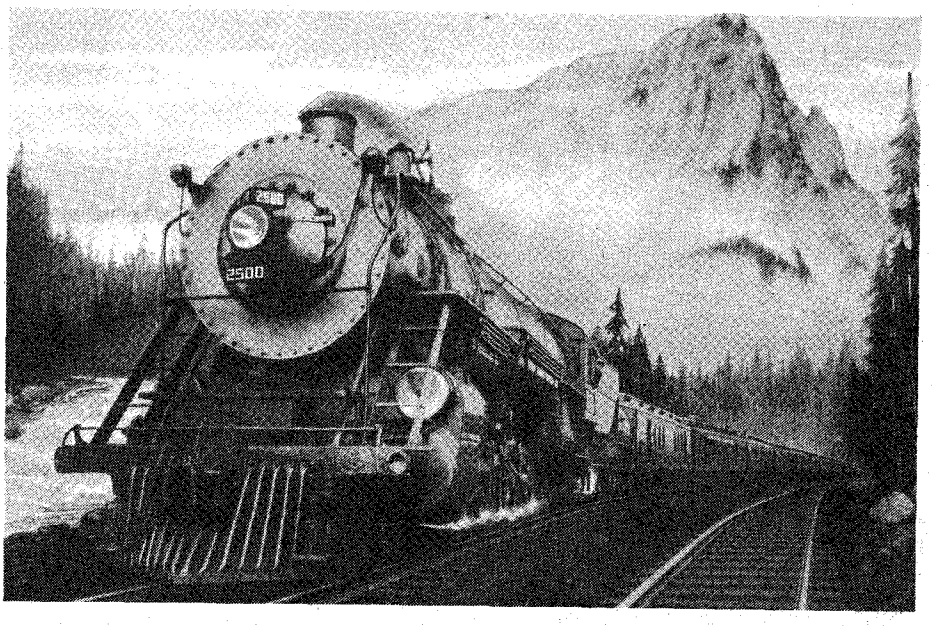
AND RAIN

By VICTOR H. WHITE
Photos provided by author

something was sure to happen. And the cow incident was nothing like her adventure in the winter of 1921-1922 just west of Leavenworth in the Washington Cascades.

Adele had been visiting in Spokane from her home near Seattle. She decided to take Great Northern Number 3 about seven in the evening, which would place her in Seattle at eight the next morning. She never had slept



Above: Victor White at age twelve — about five years after he rode the train in the story. Top right: This postcard depicts the Oriental Limited. Bottom right: Adele at age eighteen.

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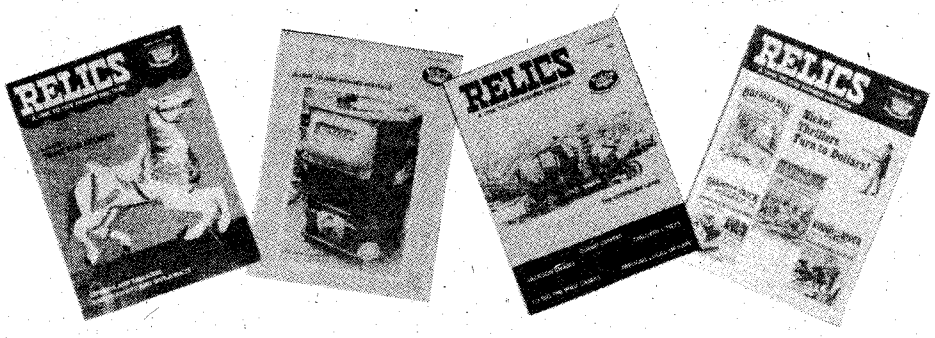
Antique, Collectible or Junk?

When we first began publishing *Relics* magazine in the Summer of 1967, we were way ahead of our time — though of course we didn't know it then. Why, back a dozen years ago, most of the stuff we were writing about was just plain ol' junk. Sure, it was our kind of junk — barbed wire, old hoglegs, slot machines — which was just what we said on the cover "A Link to Our Pioneer Heritage." Darned if all that same stuff isn't "antiques" and "collectibles" today. And with those fancy new names came some mighty fancy new prices.

Heck, nowadays you can't go into an antique shop without finding it full of the same things *Relics* magazine wrote about from 1967 through April, 1978. (You know, when we decided to quit printing that thing to concentrate strictly on our Westerns the readers gave us more negative reaction than an Earp at a Clanton family picnic.) And I'll tell you what: if you can't tell the junk from the good stuff, you're gonna get burned.

That's why we're offering these back issues of *Relics*. (That, and the fact we've got a barnful of them doing nothing but making mouse nests.) We were paging through these a couple of days back and found the articles and all the fine photographs are as useful today as when they were first written. Whether you collect old cars or playing cards, patent medicine bottles or duck decoys, it appears as if these magazines could help save you some money. They could make sure you don't go paying "antique" price for some piece of junk; or better yet, they might help you buy a valuable antique for a junk price.

If you want to try out one or a handful, go ahead, but we recommend buying 'em by the stack. We'll even give you a special price on the whole set of 62 issues. Since we never indexed them, we can't tell you what's in each issue, so the more you buy, the less you'll miss.



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well on trains, so when Number 3 stopped for what seemed a long time at Leavenworth (a division point where certain freight trains changed engines), she dressed, climbed from her berth, and began asking questions.

The conductor told her, "It will only be about fifteen minutes. We're 'in the ditch' — that is, we're on a side track so Number 27, that's the fast mail going west, can have the main line. She travels faster than we do and she's right behind us. We always go 'in the ditch' for her here. She's a few minutes late but we'll make it up and be in Seattle on time."

Adele was satisfied and went back to her berth just as the whole town seemed to shudder from Great Northern's crack cross-the-country mail train thundering through.

Number 3 backed onto the main line and shortly was climbing toward Stevens Pass at the top of the Cascades. Adele was half asleep when she realized the train was stopping again. "What now?" she asked herself. "Why would we stop again out here where there's no station and no other tracks?" At two o'clock in the morning, her patience exhausted, she dressed once more and walked toward the rear of the car.

This time it was not very funny. Number 3 had been so close behind the mail train that she had cleared the last block signal. She had been stopped by a Great Northern brakeman swinging a red lantern. Heavy rains had weakened a bridge that crossed the Wenatchee River. Number 27, only minutes before, had gone through that weakened bridge and into the river. The engineer and firemen were dead. The rear end brakeman, knowing Number 3 was behind them, had run down the track and stopped her with his swinging lantern when Adele's train was speeding into the wreckage at the bridge. Mail sacks were picked out of the river for several days.

Adele did arrive safely in Seattle, but twenty-four hours later than scheduled. Her train had been backtracked half-way across the state of Washington, then had gone down the Columbia River on Spokane, Portland and Seattle tracks to Portland, Oregon, then north to Seattle on Northern Pacific tracks.

AT THIS POINT I should state that Adele Kellermeier, who became Adele White, was my mother, and what I am trying to do is give a picture of railroading as it was developing just before and after the turn of the century. I have traveled ten times as many miles by rail as my mother ever did, and nothing has ever happened to a train on which I rode alone or with others. My mother never rode on one where something didn't happen. That means that if I rode on a train with her, something had to happen. But nobody ever got hurt on any train if she were on board.

My first long railroad trip was in December 1906. I was seven. So many things happened that illustrate what railroading was then like in the Old West, I have always wanted to tell about it.

I'm convinced that a child remembers things in exactly the same way an adult does. Some are more curious, more observing, or more persistant than others, but all remember places, events and people by snatches. One recalls a place, another a conversation, another a face or a name. No one can explain why. My own observation indicates that in most instances a child's recollection is more detailed and exact than an adult's. I certainly was more observant of details when I was seven than I am now. In later years, traveling to the same places, on the same railroad right-of-way, I was able to confirm that my recollec-

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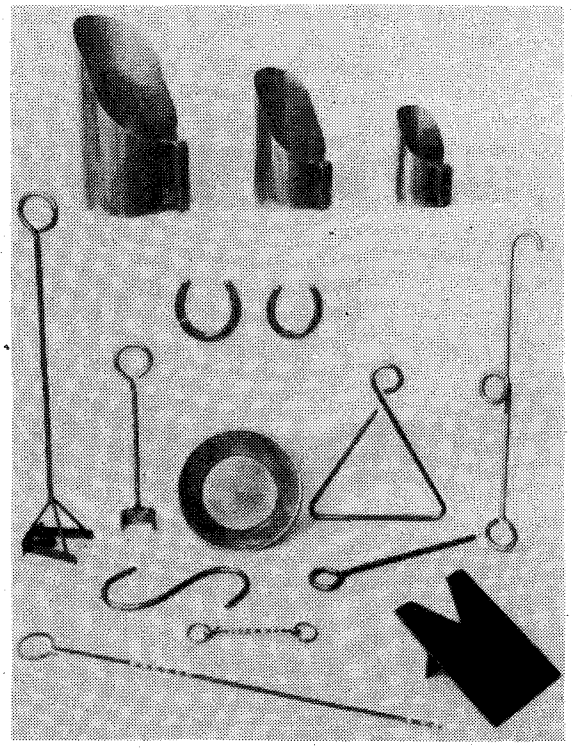
The American West Collection

This collection of Western Americana includes selected articles representative of various segments of nineteenth century western life. These reproductions have been recreated to not only duplicate the original objects, but in many instances, the original techniques of construction were used to ensure authenticity. We have built into this collection the rugged character that was present in the men and women that used these articles. Each item has been individually handcrafted of steel then copper plated with a rustic but contemporary finish. Included with each article is a brief history of the item.

In this collection, we have not only introduced quality reproductions representative of the early western life, but we have captured the rugged individuality of the men and women who lived and worked in our American West.



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tions were correct in things that I could not possibly have learned in any other way.

It was pouring rain when we left Seattle and it was Friday. I do not know why I recall this but I am sure. The left arm of my coat hung limp and empty, and several persons during the trip expressed sympathy to my mother that her 'dear little boy', who seemed so bright and active, had lost an arm. Whereupon, Mother would explain that I just had a green-stick break of a collar bone, that my left arm was whole but was taped against my body under my clothing in such a position (as I remember very well) that the fingers of my left hand could tickle myself very effectively under the right armpit. I had fallen on my five-pound lard pail lunch container coming home from school and the doctor had taped the arm rigidly against my body to hold the collar bone in proper position. In six weeks I would be able to fill the empty sleeve again.

We occupied a lower berth in a Tourist Sleeper, which was a special less expensive accomodation of those early days. Not only was the fare lower, but it was also permissable to carry or prepare one's own meals to avoid the enormous expense of eating in the diner. (Some meals, complete with soup and finger bowl, were as high as $1.25. I never ate such an expensive meal, but I collected the menus many years later as a hobby.)

As we pulled out of Seattle, four Chinamen (I remember them wearing queues and silk-like black pants that looked a good deal like expensive pajamas) began to prepare their dinner on the wood-burning (or coal) range that the railroad company provided at one end of each tourist coach. These Chinamen were all talking at once. While one was filling a frying pan with something mysterious, another would be dumping coal into a lid opening of the stove. A third would be rummaging through a huge basket trying to decide what delicacy should next emerge for the preparation of dinner, and the fourth would be simply chattering at the well-established rate of seventy-eight Chinese syllables per second. I am certain my memory is correct in noting that every other passenger in that car was more fascinated and absorbed in watching this comic opera in meal preparation than in his or her own appetite.

The next scene I recall was about noon the next day. They were taking our train apart at Kalama, Washington to load it in three sections aboard the railroad ferry-boat *Tacoma* for crossing the Columbia River. It was still pouring rain when this began, but before we reached the Oregon side, the rain stopped intermittently. Mother and I walked the length of the "great big boat" between the railroad cars and I stood for long minutes staring at the hot engine, which was hissing, snarling and perspiring steam, impatient to be off at Goble, Oregon for the dash south up the Columbia to Portland. (The Northern Pacific political influence had conspired with

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Mother Nature so that for fifty miles between Portland and Kalama the mighty Columbia has always flowed northward instead of westward, just so trains can run along it conveniently on their way from Washington to California. I didn't know the names of the towns or the direction of the river at the time, but I confirmed it later and also that the enormous clock I remembered seeing in a high tower from my train window, has always been there in the Portland, Oregon railroad station and was no childish illusion.)

It was raining pitchforks again in the Portland twilight. Two years later the railroads were bridging the Columbia to Vancouver, Washington and were starting their trains down the Washington side. I happened to have been born just at the right time to get a ride on that famous ferry-boat, the *Tacoma,* which was never to run again.

THERE IS no recollection of what happened the next morning except that it poured rain until what must have been mid-afternoon. Our train ran slower and slower, and finally stopped. The conductor advised the passengers, "A trestle across the river ahead of us has been washed out. It will be necessary to walk approximately a mile — half a mile down the river to a wagon bridge, which is still standing, and half a mile back up the other side to our track, where a special relief train will be waiting. You will be assigned seats and sleeping accomodations on the new train. If you are able to do so, please carry any light personal things, money, and valuables with you. You will be given baggage checks for suitcases and heavier packages, which you will re-claim on the other train. Trunks and heavy luggage in the baggage car will be taken care of by the train crew and you will claim it at your destination in the regular way."

There was a bit of confusion while suitcases, hatboxes and lighter baggage checking took place, then all passengers, in a group, were invited off the train into a misty dampness. Some fifty, sixty, or a hundred of us walked forward alongside the train to a spot where the engine had approached as close as seemed safe to the end of the tracks which had been twisted or swept away. The river water was dashing and foaming just below a muddy footpath everybody was following downstream to the wagon bridge.

The scene across the river was what I shall never forget. Part of the railroad trestle, extending into the stream, still stood. Part of a freight train, which had been broken in two, stood on the track on the far side and on the trestle. One car, still attached to the train at one end, balanced at a forty-five degree angle, with its other end resting on the bottom of the river. Two other cars were visible in the stream, rolled upside down or balancing sideways against the current. The slanted boxcar, which was broken and lay with one end in the surging water, was loaded with sacked sugar. Sugar was seeping out of broken sacks and sifting into the breeze like dust. Now and then the water would undermine support from below and one or a dozen sacks would plunge, slip or crawl into the current and be swept away.

There seemed to be a sort of holiday spirit among the travelers. One remarked, "That's sure a sweet mess." Another said, "Looks like a delayed canning season for fruit in the Rogue River Valley." I thought I was as bright as these punsters. Looking up at my mother, I showed off by saying loud enough for others to hear, "I bet the river is running with syrup instead of water."

Baggage cars carried one of the high four-wheeled truck carts that older readers will recall seeing on railroad platforms loaded with trunks, suitcases, tents, bundles and even, sometimes, a boxed cat, dog or even a calf. The baggage car crew, the porters, all the employees on the train were pushing, shoving and pulling such a cart on repeated fast trips the mile necessary to get everything off our train and onto the new one.

And who would that be with a rifle slung under his arm and a six-gun in his belt? No one else, indeed, but the railroad mail clerk, who, with his helper, was escorting a similar four-wheeled cart loaded with mail sacks. Those were the days when Uncle Sam's mail, at two cents an ounce, was under an almost sacred obligation to "get through" regardless of rain, snow, or freight cars of sugar in the river.

As I look back at it now, I have to admire those railroaders' good-natured discipline and cooperation and quiet hurry under pressure. No one mentioned it, but the train crew knew that time must not be wasted. Daylight was their friend. The passengers could gossip and sight-see, but the railroad's activity was business. Evening and darkness were close at hand. From the colored porters to the engineer and fireman, everybody was cheerful, busy, helpful and pitching in with whatever had to be done.

MOTHER and I had just been assigned beautiful new reservations on the relief train when the porter came with a long pole in his upraised hand. He struck a match and lighted a taper, which was held by a clamp at the end of the pole. (In 1975 I happened to be in an antique shop where I knew the proprietor. She knew I was an old-timer and she brought forth a long pole, a foot or so longer than an old-fashioned walking cane, but not quite so big around. It had a metal rod on one side, a spring handle at the bottom and a clamp at the top. She asked me, "Have you any idea what this thing is?" I was swept by a wave of nostalgia. "I sure do. That is the means by which a train porter turned on the acetylene lights in those beautiful chandelier-like fixtures that once adorned first-class mahogany-finished sleeping cars on the railroads." I had never seen but one other such contraption — when I was seven years old.

Did I say *First Class Sleeper?* Indeed, I did. The railroad had not had an extra Tourist Sleeper available near enough to get into the relief train make-up. Mother and I were now traveling first-class, without extra charge. I never forgot the impression such oppulence made upon me. The soft cushioning, the brown highly-polished woodwork, the thick plush carpeting. I have never been so impressed before or since. There is nothing as fine today.

Another twenty-four hours and it was again growing dusk. We had crossed the Siskiyous out of Oregon, where the railroad grade is three per cent even today, and where snow could block a train for hours. But the heavy rain had been a warm one, snow melting as it fell, and two extra engines had taken us over the most notorious part of the trip without incident.

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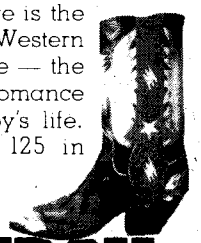

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We caught one glimpse of Mt. Shasta, then it was lost in clouds. Black Butte, a miniature replica of Shasta that rises almost from the edge of the railraod right-of-way, was visible through the downpour. The conductor saw me straining against the window to see the mountains and he leaned over and pointed toward Black Butte.

"That is the magic mountain, Son. It is a very restless mountain and is always on the move. See, now, it is moving across the track to the other side of the train." And sure enough, as I watched, the mountain did move so that I could no longer see it until the conductor pointed it out again through a window on the other side of our car.

"See, now" he said, "it is going back." Sure enough, it was shortly right back where I had seen it first and it kept going back and forth across the track in front of the train several more times, until it was too dark and the window too rain-smeared to see it.

Fifty years later, I parked my car alongside Interstate Highway #5 and found exactly that same spot where the Southern Pacific line still climbs out of the Klamath River Canyon and across the rolling hills toward Weed, California. If you could ride a passenger train in a rainy dusk today and keep your eyes only on the mountain, it would still cross and re-cross the right-of-way ahead of you because of the S shaped curves your train would be making up hill to gain altitude.

In such a way an old-timer like me can check his childhood memories for accuracy, providing, of course, that the railroad has not changed its right-of-way. While Southern Pacific has changed the route which Amtrak trains take through Klamath Falls on the east side of the Cascades, it still hauls all its Rogue River freight up that same old grade where it hauled me in 1906. Black Butte, the restless mountain still crosses and re-crosses the right-of-way each spooky, rain-swept evening.

I MUST HAVE slept late on the days of that train trip because all my recollections are associated with approaching night, with rain and with water. The next afternoon, some twenty-four hours after passing Black Butte, we were somewhere in the Sacramento Valley, a distance south of Red Bluff. Our train again had been stopped. It was still pouring. The landscape was level. There was water everywhere, as far as I could see. Trees, bushes, houses, barns, cows and horses were all either in water or standing on little green islands which the flooding river had not inundated. (A dike broke and this same area flooded in 1955.)

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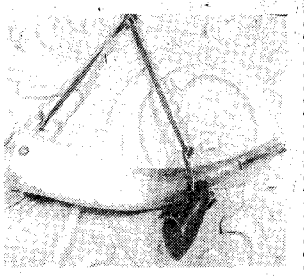

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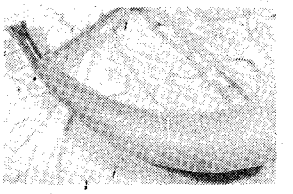

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The conductior told us, "The Sacramento and the Feather River have been over their banks off and on for a week. There's no danger because the water is nowhere more than a few inches to a foot deep and it can't get much deeper because it can spread out over the whole valley. But the first gush yesterday, sent enough water washing across the valley to take out a mile or so of track. We can't go on until they rebuild it, so we'll be here awhile."

There was a second track alongside our train. Shorter trains of three or four cars were being shoved past as I watched from our car window, each car loaded with railroad ties. Dozens of men went past, walking in water, all wearing rubber boots and slickers. Some rode on top of the ties on the flat cars.

Our conductor explained, "There are more than a hundred men working now, and more are coming in all the time. We've got to keep passengers and freight and mail moving because there's no other way to get food, supplies and mail to the people in the towns along our line."

By listening to conversations near me (I was a very good kid at this) I learned that the rails, which had constituted the mile of washed-out track, could be lifted from the mud which had washed over them and in which they were imbedded. Then cribs of ties could be thrown down in the mud, six or eight in one direction, then six or eight in the opposite direction on top of them. They would be low piles of ties on the relatively firm ground immediately in front of our engine. But the cribbing would be gradually made higher, and the rails re-laid on top of it until our train would be lifted sufficiently to proceed carefully as the ties, which supported it, were forced to settle evenly and safely into the soft earth of the valley.

It was dark before we started to move, but I shall never forget the sensation I felt. My nose was pressed against the window and my eyes focused downward where the light from the train windows reflected against the mud and water. I remember putting all my attention on the end of one particular tie, which I could see protruding from under the train. Were we moving? Yes, we certainly were. No, we were only settling deeper and deeper into the mud. The sensation of moving I thought I felt was disillusioning and deceptive, but that protruding tie did gradually fall behind my vision and out of sight. We were really moving forward, as well as settling almost imperceptively downward until there came a feeling of firmness. A person can remember what is heard or felt every bit as accurately as what is seen.

I guess I finally pressed my nose flat against that window, trying to see if we were going to go any faster, until I grew too tired and sleepy to recall what happened next.

We arrived in Oakland, then in San Francisco on the following day. When my father met my mother and me, he said (and I recall his words positively). "Do you realize it's Friday and you were due here on Monday?"

We were four days late but I was a kid with some memories I have never forgotten. Sometimes I think back and wonder if all our new dams give as complete and efficient an irrigation system in the Sacramento Valley as Mother Nature did in those days. And, when they built the Bay Area Rapid Transit System in a short ten years or so, I couldn't help recalling men who had built a mile of railroad in less than ten hours.

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WHAT'S HAPPENED to the OLD-TIME MADSTONE?

Check your dictionary — the word probably isn't there!

THE MADSTONE was used by pioneers to draw poison from a rabid dog bite, snake bite, poisonous spider bite, etc. It was in popular use until Pasteur's research led to a successful inoculation against rabies in 1885. Many folk pinned their hopes for recovery on madstone magic — stones found in the bodies of cud-chewing, multi-stomached, horned animals such as the deer, cow, and other ruminants. The madstone found in a white deer was most highly prized for its potency. So strong was the belief in madstones that persons would ride hundreds of miles to use one.

They were first used in America by the Indians but how the Red Man discovered their magic power can only be surmised. Pioneer settlers first referred to them as "Indian stones." If a child was bitten by a rabid animal he was taken to an Indian camp for treatment. The Indians were hunters and such stones were found in the carcasses of deer which they killed for food. It was a natural sequence that white settlers began calling them madstones since they cured bites from rabid animals. Thomas R. Forbes writes in "The Madstone," a collection of stories in the University of California published book *American Folk Medicine,* that the term madstone "almost certainly originated in the United States." He said the earliest use of the word appeared in the *Oxford English Dictionary* in 1864, and noted that "madstone" does not appear in the 1968 edition of *Webster's New World Dictionary,* which "suggests that the term is disappearing from the American scene."

The American madstone was the same, or at least a first cousin, to the ancient bezoar stone used in Persia and other countries during, and even before, the Crusades. Bezoar stones were also found in ruminants. It was a Persian word stemming from "protection against poison." Its magic was supposed to defend princes against poison and to call floods down upon enemy armies. It was said of Queen Elizabeth that she always dipped a bezoar stone in her wine before drinking it to guard against poison. When she died, her jewels were given to James I of England. Among them was "one great bezoar stone set in goulde," and one other large bezoar stone broken in pieces. Such stones were valued as highly as diamonds or other precious jewels. Only the rich could afford them.

Writing about bezoar stones in *Natural History Magazine* (1937), George Gaylord Simpson wrote, ". . . in those days it was the royalty and nobility who were particularly in need of antidotes for poison." Simpson compared kidney stones and gallstones in humans, and pearls in oysters, to bezoars. The latter could be called oyster bezoars. He wrote that such stones

Ambrous Lee of Mineral Wells, Texas shows the madstone which was brought to Texas from Illinois by his great-grandfather.

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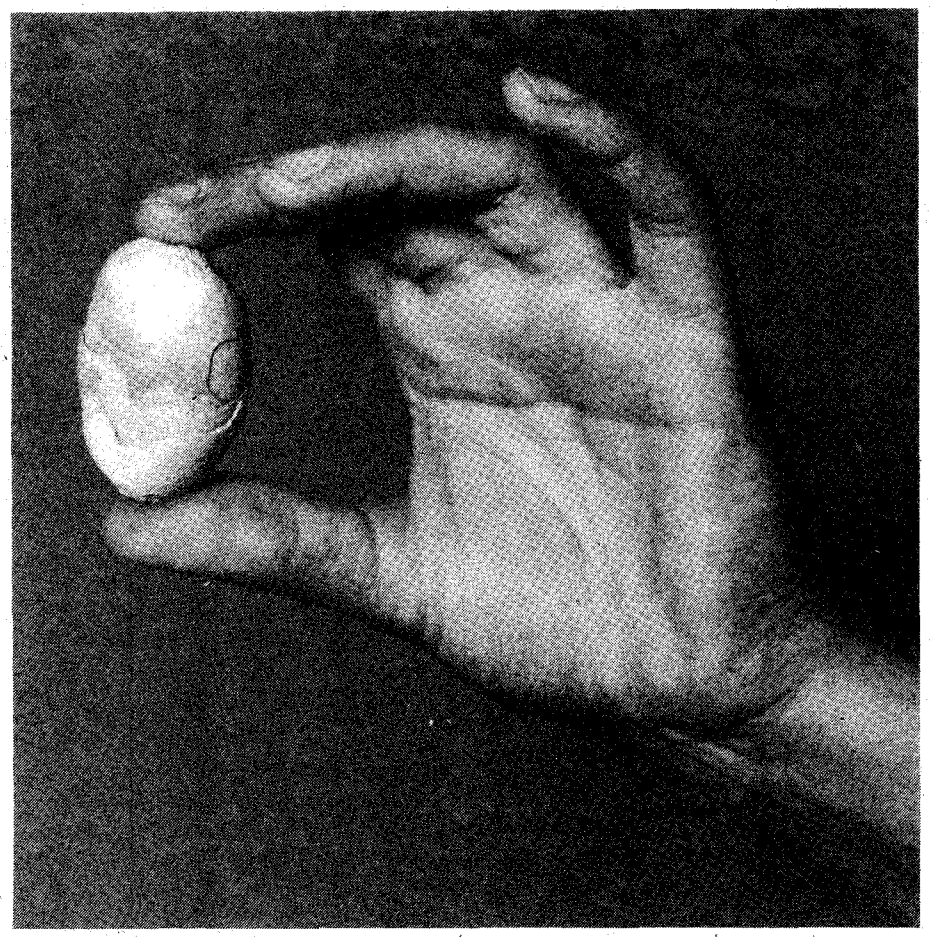

Courtesy American Museum of Natural History.

By MARY WHATLEY CLARKE
Photos provided by author

Courtesy The Mitchell Library, Glasgow, Scotland.

Above left: A 25,000-year-old bezoar stone formed in the body of a prehistoric animal. It was found in Nevada by Fenley Hunter and Albert Silberling and identified at The American Museum as the first fossil bezoar ever recognized. Above right: The famous Lee Penny.

form when something goes wrong with the body chemistry. Substances ordinarily carried off in fluids are instead deposited in a solid mass where they should not be. Thus bezoars, madstones, and pearls are a product of disease. "All types of animals have such stones on occasion and there is hardly any part of the body where they cannot form," he wrote.

In the introduction to his novel, *The Talisman,* Sir Walter Scott stated, "Of all people who ever lived, the Persians were perhaps most remarkable for their unshaken credulity in amulets, spells, periapts and similar charmes." He related the story of Sir Simon Lockhart of Lee, a Scottish Crusader, who took a wealthy Emir captive during one of the battles. The Emir's mother came to the camp of the Christians with a large sum of money to ransom her son. As she took the money from her purse, a small stone fell to the ground. She hastily retrieved it. Lockhart saw at once by her action that the stone was highly valued and demanded that it be included in the ransom. The mother told Lockhart it was a magic stone, (no doubt a bezoar), and described its powers. After dipping it in water it served as an astringent which drove away fever and also possessed several other special properties as a medical talisman. She told him that the stone could draw poison from a rabid dog bite and could cure diseases in cattle by being dipped three times and whirled around once in the drinking water.

Sir Simon brought the stone back to Scotland and after his death it passed to his descendants "by whom and by Clydesdale, in general, it was and is still distinguished by the name of the 'Lee-penny' from the name of his [Lockhart's] native seat of Lee," Scott wrote.

One reads about the famous Lee Penny in the *Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland.* The amulet is a small, dark-red stone, somewhat heart-shaped, set in the reverse of a groat of Edward IV of the London Mint. To protect the stone Sir Simon had it set in the coin after returning from the Crusades. For hundreds of years the stone was used to draw poison from wounds, to cure sick animals, and so on.

During the Scottish Reformation, talismans of all types were under suspicion as savoring of witchcraft. During these years of powerful church influence the Lee Penny was also questioned. The Synod of the Presbyterian Church of Glasgow examined the curative powers of the Lee Penny and "finding that it was employed [without] using onie words such as charmers and sorcerers use in their unlawful practices; and considering that in nature there are many things seen to work strange effects, whereof no human witt can give a reason, it having pleasit God to give to stones and herbes special virtues for the healing of many infirmities in man and beast, advise the brethren to surcease their process, as wherein they perceive no ground of offence; and admonishes the said Laird of Lee, in the using of the said stone, to take heed that it be usit hereafter with the least scandal that possiblie may be."

The Lee Penny was used the last time shortly before World War I according to a book entitled *Curses, Lucks and Talismans,* by C.C. Lockhart (The University of Glasgow 1938). Lockhart wrote that friends were being entertained at a shooting party at Lee. At noon when lunch was served

(Continued on page 50)

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KNIFE ATTACK

Never was a mining

By GENE K. GARRISON

SIXTEEN MILES from Wickenburg, Arizona was the Vulture mining camp, where Henry Wickenburg had discovered gold in 1863. C.B. Genung showed up there in June 1864 because Indians had chased him off his claim to the north. Charlie Genung and Henry Wickenburg took a liking to each other and Genung built Wickenburg a new arrastre. According to Charles E. Niehus, on the Fourth of July that year the two men celebrated "by having a cleanup. The first ton of ore had been run through . . . and yielded seventeen and one-half ounces of gold." Later Genung began supplying beef to the Vulture camp, and moved his family there.

It was not until 1910 or '11, long after he had left the Vulture Mine in favor of ranching, that Genung's experiences, as taken from the journal, were published in the Los Angeles Mining Review. He just wrote of the times as he saw them. He didn't do much explaining. There was lawlessness in most mining camps, much of it brought on by drinking, lack of family life, and the fact that crimes were easy to commit.

In this matter-of-fact way Genung wrote of one instance of violence as he entered the camp from Wickenburg, where he had bought and dressed a steer.

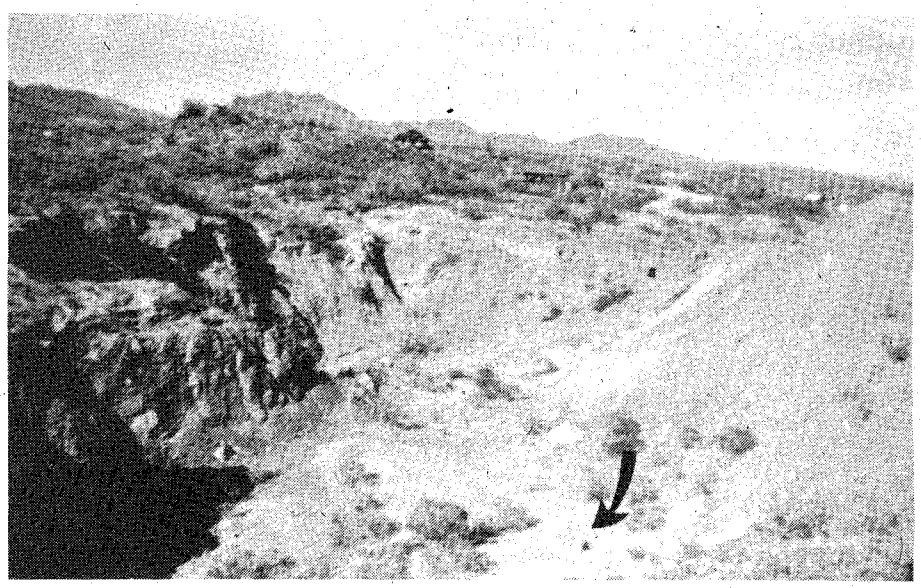
"I had noticed a crowd around the first house that I came to in the camp, and later learned that a Mexican had just killed a young Mexican girl, daughter of one Subretto [also spelled Subrette]. She was keeping house for her father and brothers, and this Mexican wanted the girl to marry him. When she refused he deliberately shot her in the eye and escaped.

"When I learned the facts I sent for a man named Ledesmo, whom I knew to be a good trailer and unafraid, to take him in some way when he found him. I had a $20 gold piece, which I gave to Ledesmo and told him not to come back without the Mexican and to wire to Wickenburg for more money if he needed it. At that time there was a military telegraph line to every military post or town of any size in the country.

"The next morning I was on hand with another beef, and at Subretto's house which was not more than 200 feet from the large double door of the new mill stood one of the brothers of the dead girl. He said to me, 'Look' and pointed to the body of a man hanging from the cap over the mill, which was eight or nine feet high. I learned later on that when they pulled the Mexican up and tied the end of the rope to the door post, that this same boy had jumped as high as he could, grabbed the hanging body, and with this added weight they made sure work of it."

Then Genung went on to say that he built himself a shop and a house. Then there was a description of another disturbance.

"We had no peace officer there



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AT THE VULTURE

camp so aptly named...

These photos of the Vulture mining camp were provided by Mrs, Gerald Followwill. They were taken on her Arizona trip around 1948. The Vulture Mine's caretaker told her about eight greedy men who dug in the mine at night and slipped out ore. The beams grew weak, causing a cave-in. Eight men wre buried alive. Top left: Cave-in location. The arrow points to a goat. Top right: Entrance to the Vulture. Bottom right: A mining town house built from ore worth $40 per ton. Bottom left: Hangman Tree where thirteen men swung.

during my stay, and there was but one fist fight in the town and only two bad men exhibited. One was a California Mexican who got on the war path one day while I was away, but when I returned and found out what he had been doing, I told him very quietly and confidentially that if such a thing ever happened again that I should use my No. 10 gauge without any ceremony. When he told a man who had a family of children what I had promised, the old man told him that I would certainly do it, and that the whole town would stand by me.

"An American who was engaged, occasionally, to guard the Wells-Fargo Express box when the bars of bullion were shipped, got drunk on one occasion during my absence and showed fight. I quieted him the same way as I had 'California Joe.'"

"ONE DAY I was shipping a lot of dry hides to San Francisco — sending them by team to Maricopa, and from there by train.

"I was pulling the hides out of the hide shed onto the ground," Genung wrote. "E.E. Kirkland stood by with marking pot and brush, marking them, and Edward Parsons was passing the hides up to Jesus Altomorano, who was packing them into the wagon, when I heard a fellow calling me by name."

Genung looked up and saw a Mexican standing on the opposite side of the shed, but he continued his hide-counting. He paid no direct attention until he caught sight of the dark-haired man advancing with his right hand inside his shirt. He shouted at Genung, asking him if he did not hear him call.

An alarm sounded in Genung's brain. He knew this was trouble. Not taking his eyes off the advancing adversary, he reached for a rock. "I got, instead of a rock, the shell of a beef's foot, which was worse than nothing in my hand to hit a man with."

As the Mexican came for him, Kirkland shouted, "Look out! He has a knife!" Kirkland threw a rock with all his might, but missed the Mexican, who must have been feeling pretty smug by that time.

Genung was on the run. He dodged

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and ran the fifty yards to the end of the wing of the slaughter pen, with the knife-wielding Mexican close behind him. Then there was a frantic flight to the house to get a gun.

Meanwhile, Altomorano had jumped off the wagon to run after the outlaw, but luck was still with the bad guy. He somehow got the upper hand and ordered Altomorano back into the wagon. There simply was no choice. Altomorano's brain raced in desperate attempts to avoid being stabbed as the wild man jabbed the knife toward his midsection.

Altomorano grabbed the knife blade with both hands. Blood was spurting as Edward Parsons came to the rescue with a board and knocked the Mexican out of the tail end of the wagon. Then the badly injured Altomorano made a run for his life.

About this time Genung hurried back with a rifle. Now it was the Mexican's turn to flee. A knife is no match for a gun.

Genung spied him running up a gulch about eighty yards away. "I could only see his body as he ran up the gulch, but I took three shots at him, all of which tore up the dirt to the left and behind him." The rifle was a borrowed one which didn't have an accurate sight. A fine time to find this out!

"At this moment Altomorano came up with both hands covered with blood, and grabbed a gun saying, 'I can hit him.'"

Since the Winchester wasn't working properly, Genung decided to run back to the house for his Colt .45. Genung handed the rifle over to Altomorano, but his friend's hands were in such terrible condition he could not handle it. This gave the outlaw time to seek refuge in a house full of women and children.

Genung could not take a chance on killing or injuring someone else, so he entered the house and marched the renegrade out at the persuasive end of the .45.

"Then I sent him to Phoenix where he was tried. He got a penitentiary sentence for a long time, and when he got out he got what was coming to him."

Genung wasn't specific about what he meant by that. Perhaps the man was killed. On the other hand, he may have just been beaten up and run out of camp. He described no motive. I assume the man was a stranger because Genung didn't mention him by name, as he did all the others involved in the fight.

I'm sure Genung felt he was telling all when he wrote in his journal, not realizing that seventy years later it's difficult to fill in the blanks.

AFTER GENUNG moved from the Vulture to a ranch near Phoenix, the rough element came to the front again.

"A man named Tabor, from Colorado, had bought the Vulture property and had an Englishman named Gribbel as superintendent. Gribbel was mean and overbearing to all who came in contact with him, and he had no friends in the camp.

"One day a Mexican friend of mine came to see me on the ranch and told me to be very careful when going or coming through the country about Stanton, Wickenburg, or the Vulture. He said that there was a bad lot in that country and that they wanted me out of the way as they were afraid of me. Well, I took that advice."

Not too long after the Wells Fargo Company had stopped carrying strong boxes from Prescott to Phoenix, Genung heard a story about Gribbel and two escorts. It seems that they started out with a bar of bullion from the Vulture Mine. They were waylaid and killed at the same place where a family had been murdered.

James Murphy, the sheriff of Maricopa County, organized a party and took off after the bandits, trailing them over the desert. They finally tracked them down at the Gila River near the mouth of the Hassayampa. There the leader of the band tried to cross, but his horse broke a leg in the quicksand and the rider wrapped the bar of gold in a blanket and continued on foot.

"The sheriff and his party had no trouble to follow the foot prints to a camp where the late Governor Wolfley was building a dam across the river," Genung wrote.

When the robber saw the posse coming he made a break for the hills, still clutching the gold.

"The posse out-traveled him and brought the gold back with them, but did not bring the Mexican. They just exchanged lead for gold."

The Mexican's name, by the way, was Inocentee Venzuella. At least, that's the way C.B. Genung spelled it.

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Frontier Post

(Continued from page 7)

nan ("Good-by, Old Man" November 1980 *Frontier Times*).

I have never read anything so truthful and down to earth, heart-rending or heart-touching, praise to a true friend. To me it was full of beauty. Thank you for such wonderful literature, which in these days is so hard to find. Anytime I feel in the dumps I will read it over. — Ted M. Handegard, Sr., 46801 Winfrey Road, Westfir, Oregon 97492

The Feilds

I was very interested in the November 1980 *Frontier Times*, especially the story in the Nuggets section about the Andy Feild family by Bill O'Neal. I believe there is a possibility they were related to my husband's family who originated in Petersburg, Virginia. My husband's great-grandfather, Drury S. Feild was a son of Edward Feild (a soldier of the Revolution). Drury was born in Petersburg on October 6, 1792. He was a doctor of medicine and a large landowner. He lived there for a time as my husband's grandfather Albert J. Feild was born there on October 6, 1816. He moved to Mobile, Alabama and a son, Algernon E. was born March 6, 1823. In 1836 after living in western Tennessee (we don't know where) he moved to Illinois. He died there near Kilbourne in 1838.

Albert J. Feild married Nancy Lee, daughter of Stephen Lee of Cass County, Illinois. They came to Missouri in 1867 and bought over 1,000 acres of land which was sold, all except 355 acres which are owned by my husband and me. Albert J. built a house and barn which are still in use. He had six children, one of whom was my husband's father, known as A. Tom Feild. Tom was a cowboy in Arizona and other western states from 1882 to 1889 before coming back to Missouri. He brought a herd of horses back to Kansas City, Missouri by train, herded them south to this farm, arriving here during the night. His mother and father had not heard from him for a long time and were quite shocked when he came downstairs for breakfast the next morning. He farmed and bought his brother's and sister's interest in the farm. He died on February 16, 1941 and was survived by seven children.

We are very interested in the *Frontier Times* article since the last name is spelled like ours and we've never run across the name spelled that way before. We hope someone, perhaps Bill

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O'Neal has more information. — Mrs. F.C. Feild, Rt. 2, Box 212, Garden City, Missouri 64747

Hope for Prospectors

As a Western history rambler in California, southern Oregon, Arizona, and Nevada, I've traced the old pioneer trails and all the gold country along the Sierras. I also do a lot of traveling just reading my magazines.

Some of the old gold mines I've run across still in family control are now opening up with the high price of the ore. Yep, as some of the old-timers up there said, there's more gold there than was ever taken out. Week-enders are panning and sluicing the rivers. Just up the valley in Napa County the Homestake outfit has opened up a gold mine; they need modern machinery to recover it for it's so fine. I picked up some cinnabar up there and one time quite a bit of it was mined.

There's nothing like exploring and my yard proves it — full of rocks from every trip taken over twenty years on most rivers in the state and nearby. Gold? Yes, I've seen some others had, but I'm an explorer not a miner.

My mail just brought the *Hunter's Frontier Times* I'd ordered with stories on C.C. Slaughter, Jim Bridger and Kit Carson. I've traced much of Kit Carson's trail here and one desperate pass (his name) here causes one to think what a job to get over it. And Carson River, I've covered in Nevada, carries his name just east of the Sierras.

Maybe one story will be on Joseph R. Walker, the people leader. I followed him from Walker Lake in Nevada along the west-flowing river with his name. To seek a lower way out over the Sierras he went south in the San Joaquin Valley and via lower one east of Bakersfield, now Walker Pass. He retired with relatives in Martinez here, and is buried in the old cemetery just out of town. The cemetery is kept up by historians there and his headstone tells the story. — Helen Beard, 2520 Barclay Ave., Union City, California 94587

Hometown Memories

The story "Men in Flight" in the November 1980 issue was of great interest to me. I was born at 102 South Street and Mullan Avenue. Charles Mullan owned the whole block; their red brick house still stands but land around it has a few homes and the Seven-Up Bottling Co. I used to feed the Mullans' horse some apples and get permission to ride my sled down their hill. I think Charlie's son's first name was Don. Mother Mullan was a sweet and kind woman.

My grandfather, Martin V. Lott and Charlie and Tom Virden were good friends. Martin had many brothers; a few of them fought for the South. Martin received $100 to enlist in the Iowa Volunteers, Co. D, 16th Infantry.

I've been in Mr. Mullan's house many times. His picture was hanging on the wall in the front room. He was a good-looking man. I hope there are some sons left in the Mullan family today.

I've heard Tom's name mentioned many times when I was a lad. My grandmother, Celia Snyder Lott, my very wonderful teacher, told me much about Tom, Charles, and Martin. Grandpa was my bed partner until he died in 1911. That was the last time I ever had a home.

My father and mother split up and left us boys in my grandmother's care. I enlisted in the army at an early age and that was my home for the time being. I met my old girl friend while on a furlough and got married in 1928. We are going to visit Waterloo sometime soon we hope, and just look over the old places.

It sure gave me a thrill to read something about my hometown and some of the old-timers I've heard about. — Robert Lott, 2332 Gowdin Drive, Indianapolis, Indiana 46234

What About the Tied-down Gun?

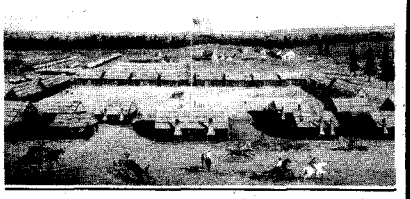
Last year I had a letter published asking if readers could help me in regard to gunfighters and their gunbelts, whether any did in fact wear a tied-down gun or Buscadero belt as depicted in nearly all Western movies. I had not a single reply, but I still want to know.

I would like to correspond with present-day or retired lawmen who have an interest in old Western gunfighters, badmen, sheriffs, Texas Rangers and the like. I'm interested in guns and equipment. I am forty-two years old and self-employed in the leathergoods industry, making among other things modern fast-draw gunbelts, although my main line is dog collars and leads. I'll correspond with anyone who has similar interests to my own, mainly the truth about that mythical creature unique to his period in time, the Western gunfighter. — Anthony H. Francis, Amherst, 23 Hollin Drive, Chapel-en-le-Frith, via Stockport, Cheshire, SK 12 6NA, England.

The Military West Comes Alive...

TOUR GUIDE TO OLD WESTERN FORTS

Herbert M. Hart



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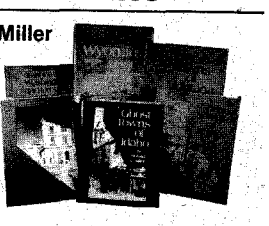

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OF PRAIRIES

Halfbreed Trail led to a "mansion" lighted with skunk oil in a rutabaga lamp — and Hedlund never once broke stride!

By JOHN E. HEDLUND
submitted by
ELAINE GILBERTSON

To celebrate his 50th wedding anniversary, which also marked the 50th anniversary of his arrival in the New World, my great-grandfather wrote his memoirs and read them to his assembled family. His comments were published in the June 1917 St. Cloud (Minnesota) *Journal Press*. If ever a man and a country "took" to each other, this young Swede and America did . . . at the time of this writing he was seventy-five. Mrs. Hedlund (Anna) died ten years later. John lived to be ninety-five.

IT IS NOT without profound regret that I at this time, more than at any other, realize that I was not created an orator, nor educated in the kindergarten, college, nor on the stump, consequently find myself deprived of filling the pleasant duty before me at this important hour of our life.

However, thus handicapped, I have at least tried to the very best of my ability and memory, to overcome such deprivation by making a sketch of the most important events of our long journey through life, as well as the journey from the northern part of Sweden to the northern part of the United States of America, and also of some of the adventures from the early pioneer life in the northern part of this, our great state of Minnesota:

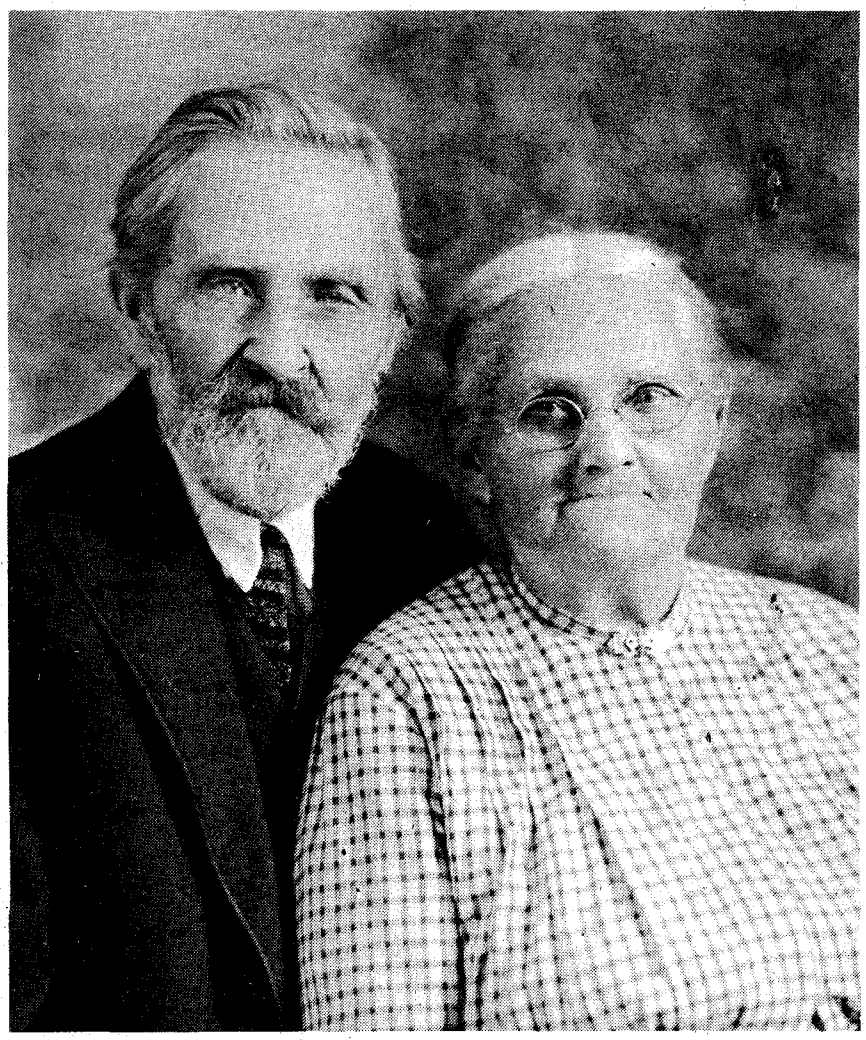
J. Hedlund, from Fagelsjo, Halsingland and Miss Halfvarson from Sveg, Jamtland, had been acquainted since childhood, and as the years rolled on, commenced to consider each other the preferred stock on the market, and by late fall of 1866 had reached an agreement that these two preferred youths should in the near future be tied into one.

That "near future" finally arrived when the young stock stepped onto their skis and slid off through dense woods, over lakes, swamps, and deep snow, a distance of about 25 miles, to the home of our minister, where we got tied into one, and the next day returned back home over the same route and in the same manner.

Previous to that time, some favorable news and letters had arrived from relatives and friends in Minnesota, and before spring we had decided to leave the Frozen North and go to that promised land in the Far West. And on the 20th day of June 1867, two teams had been engaged, and the young couple for the last time in life bid farewell to relatives and friends and home, sweet home, and started an overland drive of 125 miles to our nearest seaport, Hudiksvall.

There we boarded a steamer for Stockholm, and from there went by rail to Goteborg. At that last city on Swedish soil, we bought our tickets to Red Wing, Minnesota, and also exchanged what little Swedish money we had left for American money. At Goteborg we boarded a steamer crossing the North Sea for Hull, England — but just here, permit me to relate a few instances on that boiling cold water pot — the North Sea.

That morning on leaving Goteborg, a very heavy wind swept over the land and water, but following a long peninsula we were well protected from both



Courtesy Elaine Gilbertson

John and Anna Hedlund in 1917, the year of their 50th wedding anniversary and the 50th anniversary of their arrival in America.

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AND OXCARTS

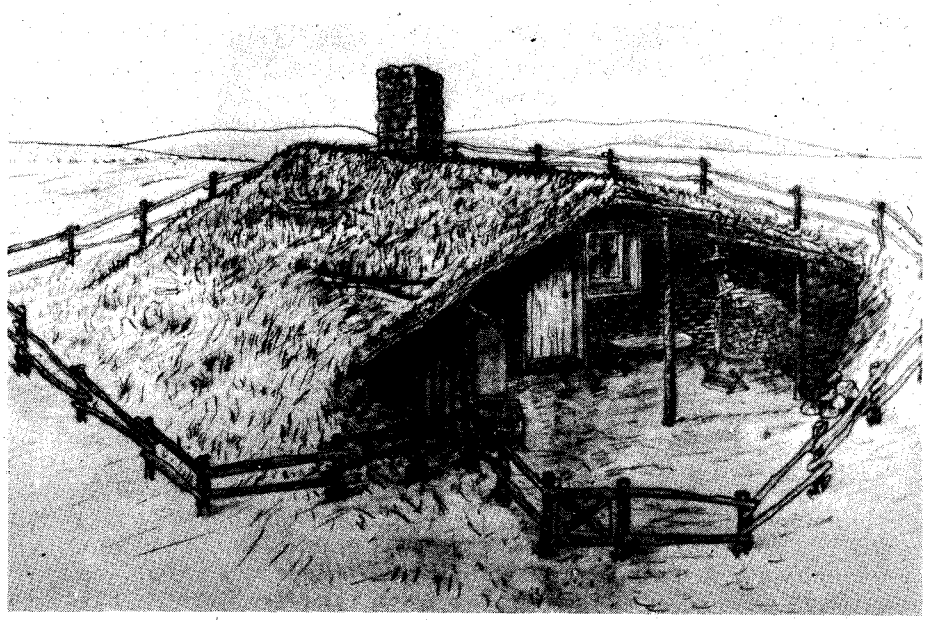
Courtesy Elaine Gilbertson

The Hedlund clan in 1917: John and Anna with their seven children and their descendants. One-year-old Elaine Gilbertson is in the first row, second from left.

wind and waves; but by passing its point, the high dashing whitecaps commenced to make themselves known. An opening of about 10x10 feet in the deck had neglectively been left open, and there the dashing waves that were rolling over the boat soon found their way down into the bosom of the steamer, where the passengers had their headquarters.

It took a quarter of an hour before the opening could be covered and by that time we had at least 15 or 18 inches of water in our parlor. In the upheaval of first one end of the boat and then the other, the water inside of the boat dashed from one end of the room to the other, taking with it such as trunks, boxes, barrels, etc., smashing such against posts and walls to debris, and woe if a person ventured in its way. The indescribable commotion seen and heard at that time certainly was a fright. Weeping, praying, swearing, cursing, vomiting and fainting. The noise of the tossing water inside and the roar of the wind and whitecaps on the outside, a calamity impressed upon our memories for life. A purgatory better supplied with moisture and chilly breezes than I ever heard of or read about.

As soon as the opening in the deck was closed, and the inflow of the water stopped, the pumps started their operation, and in about an hour most of the water had disappeared, but the debris of wood from smashed trunks, boxes, barrels, etc., clothing, bedding, bread, potatoes, meat, butter and everything you could think of was all mixed, soaked, and piled in heaps.



Sketch by William Swanson, Courtesy Olga Swanson.

A Minnesota home, 1871.

The steamer, still rolling and tossing like a small chip on the furious whitecaps; crying, vomiting and praying still continuing; no sleep, no rest, only clinging to some stationary object to prevent collision.

After 36 hours of the toughest sea voyage of our lives, land, which we for a time never expected to see, hove in sight, and we finally reached Hull with very little Swede left in us.

At Hull we boarded a train for Liverpool, and had the great pleasure of

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getting a glimpse of the historic and charming Isle of the Britons, the homes of the Dukes, the Lords, and the aristocracy — a kingdom that to a certain extent ruled over a population of 400,000,000 souls.

The little train took us at times on the surface, at times under it, and at times where the crow flies, way above the cities and habitations, in the dense fog and smoke from the many factories, furnaces and mansions of various sizes and purposes.

Reaching the city of Liverpool, the most densely and most Americanized city in England, with a dockage of 30 miles and a sea wall of over 5 miles, reaching 40 feet above normal water of the sea, we were marched into a large courtyard enclosed between high buildings, and the gate locked behind us.

In that large enclosure we had to remain for three days waiting for a steamer to take us over to the American shore.

At Liverpool, for the first time on our journey, the company started to provide us with food and lodging. The accommodations for the newly wedded couple did not prove to be very aristocratic, as we had to select our bedroom on a large stairway landing, where we rolled down in our daily walking costumes, trying amongst noise and pattering feet of multitudes passing up and down, to close our eyes if only for a minute or two.

The third day, however, the prison gate opened and we were marched down to the wharf where a monster steamer lying in wait for us and into which we were packed like a flock of sheep, was seen. Our human beings fairly trembled from fear for a repetition of the episode on the North Sea.

THE LARGE STEAMER left England with a bountiful cargo of humanity of many nations, and stopping at the coast of Ireland, took on a few hundred more. The crossing over the Atlantic proved to be more of a pleasure than a suffering. During the 9 days that it took us from Liverpool to New York, we experienced no violent disturbance, could be on deck nearly every day, had good board, and fairly good place to sleep, a sermon preached for us every day, good music, singing, dancing, and games of various nature.

In the mid-ocean all life and beauty of God's precious nature seemed to be dead and buried, nothing but sky, water and monotony to greet our vision. But nearer the coast, we could see fish and birds of various kinds, such as whales spouting their geysers of water in the air, sharks, the beggar and robber of the sea, following our boat watching for something to drop; porpoise, tumblers, etc., the latter showing off their athletic abilities; birds such as sea gulls, and many other varieties unknown to me.

The last 12 hours on the ocean, our steamer started to list at one side, about 30 degrees, and continued so until the propellers stopped in the harbor of New York, where it straightened up of its own accord. The reason we were not able to learn.

A large steam ferry soon appeared creeping up to the side of the steamer, took us on board and landed us on the United States shore — thanks to the Lord. We marched up and into the Castle Garden where we stopped just long enough to be examined or inspected, after which we were brought on board the same ferry and taken to the nearest railroad station 5 or 6 miles out.

At that depot we were loaded onto a long train which wound its way around mountains and hills in all directions until we reached Chicago, where we were escorted to a large cooper shop, and where we had the pleasure to remain for three long days. At that time our big flock had dwindled to about half a dozen families, and the free board cut out, and we had even room to spare in the large building among the shavings.

Here we done our own cooking and housekeeping — the only trouble to find the new names of the articles wanted. One day I went up town and bought some flour for pancakes, and to our surprise found the paper bag filled with cornmeal as coarse as gravel. We did not know what it was, nor what to do with the strange stuff. Finally we got orders to board a train for LaCrosse, Wisconsin, and from there we again had a disinclined privilege of taking a trip on the water to our destination, Red Wing, Minnesota. Disinclined because a little suspicious that the notorious Mississippi might be a similarity to that of the Amazon, inhabited by hippos, alligators, boa constrictors hanging from limbs over the water, etc. Gratified, however, to reach Red Wing without having experienced any encounter with such wild beasts — no, not even a bullhead.

By that time we were only four families in the party. Here we hired two teams that brought us to Wasa (Vasa), Goodhue County, where some of our party had some relatives and friends, and where we rented a house and where we remained until fall, working in the field and at anything we could get. Here, also, a little girl was added to our family (August 27, Christine Louise).

About the 15th of October we broke up housekeeping, hired a team and departed for Red Wing, where we again boarded a steamer for Saint Paul, and from there by rail to Saint Cloud, crossing the Mississippi on a ferry to the west side where we expected some parties from Oscars Lake, Douglas County, to meet us with team. But there were none to be found. We soon discovered a Norwegian just ready to start for his home with an empty wagon and as he was going our way, invited us to make his company to Cold Spring, and which invitation we gladly accepted. We arrived at that little burg without having met any of our expected parties from the west, so we rented a small house close to the road where we could watch for our friends, but had to remain there for more than a week before our expected parties arrived.

They arrived finally and we all started our last overland trip for the West.

Passing Richmond, one of the parties from the West had rented 300 head of sheep that we had to drive with us for a distance of 70 miles. Before going any further, permit me to mention how these new shepherds were initiated into their new business.

Leaving Richmond, we had to cross the Sauk River at a ford where the water was about 8 or 10 inches deep and very rapid. The first sheep had to be dragged into the stream, but the rest followed like a rope. But as they were crossing and looking at the fast moving current, the rope gradually following the stream downward, and where they soon found themselves in the deep water below the ford and where they could barely reach the bottom standing on their hind feet and the bank of the river about 2 feet high and straight up like a wall. Here in a very few minutes we had about 200 sheep piled up behind each other, perfectly helpless, sadly looking to us for rescue.

Just now we had very important business on hand. Six determined sturdy young men peeled off their coats and hats, and assisted by some just as determined young women, pitched into the battle of rescue, pulling those heavy, water-soaked animals out of their perilous situation.

Once I grabbed a big ram by his horns, which in an instant let go, landing me flat on my back with only the corrugated decoration from his head in my hand. I sprang to my feet and looked for the balance which I soon discovered still in the water, made another grab and with a determined tug-of-war pulled him out, not by his remaining decoration, but by his sideburns.

We succeeded to pull them all out without mishap, minus the ram's horn.

AFTER getting our breath back into normal condition again, we started out for the wilderness, taking what

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was then called the Halfbreed Trail, leading over the prairie from the Red River Valley to Saint Cloud and Saint Paul. During three days of travel, we did not see a house, a shed, a fence, nor hardly a tree big enough for a bonfire at night, and one morning when we got up, found ourselves and the bleak desolation about us covered with three inches of snow. But the only inconvenience derived from it was the starvation of the sheep; otherwise we were comfortable, even the three-months-old babe. We arrived all O.K. at our destination on the 31st of October 1867, and found our relatives and friends with health and happiness glad to meet again so far away from our native homes.

The mansion into which we were very cordially invited by our relatives was a cellar under the ground, the very best and the only habitation in their possession, and into which we very thankfully descended, happy to rest in quietness and peace after the long and eventful journey of over 6,000 miles.

And now since our journey is ended, and our selected destination reached, it may be of some interest to make a few remarks about our pioneer life in the West.

Will first mention that we were fairly well provided with good and warm clothes and shoes, a muzzle-loading rifle, a good supply of ammunition, and one silver dollar in cash.

Our relatives had a fair quantity of potatoes and rutabagas, a yoke of oxen and two large stacks of hay.

The inhabitants of the cellar consisted of Mrs. Hedlund's sister, her husband, and a little daughter, and three young men, nine in all.

Two of us were good hunters. Deer and other game were in abundance, and the lakes full of fish. Tea we could extract from the hay stacks as good to us as the best from the Orient. Flour at nine dollars per hundred and groceries at the same proportion did not concern us much because we had no money to buy with, and nothing to sell. However, there was no starvation among us.

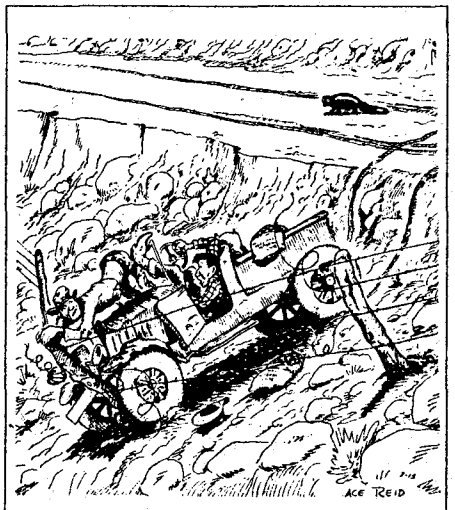
But the human requirements do not end at the quench of hunger. We soon found that our garments had to be replaced. Such, however, could not be found in the brush, nor in the lakes, and were entirely out of reach on account of lack of money. So the latest fashion did not trouble us much, and sometimes in the good old summer time, even going to church, were obliged to wear the same kind of shoes and stockings as Adam and Eve used to wear.

We did not have an electric light in the cellar, but we provided ourselves with skunk oil, excavated a large rutabaga for a lamp, and a strip of rag for a wick, and had all the light required for all of us.

A log cabin had been started long before we arrived in the fall, and on which we all worked at spare times, and by Christmas one room was finished and in which we celebrated our first Christmas in our adopted land. (December 1867).

During the balance of the winter we kept ourselves busy preparing for the future by chopping and hauling materials for new buildings, fences, etc., manufacturing lumber by whip-saw, not only for flooring, ceiling, sash, doors, etc., but also for furniture to decorate our new mansion.

The spring soon arrived and the trio of young men, myself included, were obliged to leave our homes and go out and try to make some money. I left home and family, persuaded by Mrs. Hedlund to take what little cash we had left, declaring that she felt confident to support herself and the babe



"You missed him all right!"

until some cash would arrive from me.

I finally obeyed the order and took every penny in our possession, consisting of the sum of 17 cents, and started off on my prospecting journey on foot for Saint Cloud, a distance of 110 miles.

The first day's tramp landed me about 5 miles west of Sauk Centre, and as the day had been foggy and everything wet, and spying a farmhouse close by, I went in and asked for lodging, but the farmer shook his head. I made another motion for a place on the floor, which he finally granted. I dozed and rolled on the floor until morning. Then I reached out my hand with all my cash in it and he extracted 15 cents, leaving me 2 cents for the balance of my journey.

Reaching Richmond the next evening, I went into a store and blew in my cash for some crackers, and went down to the river where I walked around a tree all night, as it was still raining and too cold to even sit down for a minute. The next morning I continued my tramp until I reached Saint Cloud.

Arriving at Saint Cloud, I steered for the Minnesota House, kept by a Norwegian named Lewiston, and whose language I could not understand. I told of my misfortune and asked for something to eat, as I was hungry, sorefooted, tired and penniless. He gave me a good meal, and directed me to a Dane for an interpreter and guide.

I found him and we were soon at the gunshop where I applied for work, which after a few questions about my experience, was granted, wages to be set accordingly. Three weeks later I found that my pay was one dollar per day. I asked for a raise but he shook his head. Another week and another trial for a raise, but the surprising answer came that I was already overpaid. Great land of notoriety! Overpaid! Is this the country of freedom and prosperity that I have heard and read so much about? One dollar per day: five dollars per week for board, and one dollar must be used for wash and the removal of those reliable enemies habitating in my shirt collar. What about my struggling family in the Far West? Dark clouds without any silver lining whatever.

I applied for a job in a blacksmith shop, and to my surprise, landed a job at two dollars per day. Reporting that at the gunshop made the proprietor pronounce something that I was glad I did not understand, but I was allowed two dollars per day for the rest of the summer.

Not the silver-lined clouds, but the sun's brilliance spread all about the dismal situation.

LATE in November, myself and a brother-in-law started on foot for our homes, where we arrived three days later, and found our families and folks in good health, humor, and happiness.

With new and increased vigor, we started again preparing for our future welfare, chopping, hauling, building, etc., and when spring came, plowing, seeding, haying, harvesting and threshing.

Machinery at that time was unheard of. Threshing was done on the frozen ground, some using a flail, some leading the ox team in a circle over the grain bundles, and others using a large tapered log full of cogs, the smaller end fastened to a post in the center, and a team hitched to the large end pulling it in a circle over the grain bundles.

After the threshing, the straw was carefully removed, and the kernels, chaff and all, swept into a pile, and

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with a dust pan thrown in a certain direction through the air which separated the kernels from the chaff.

The grain was well taken care of, sacked and taken to the nearest mill, which at that time was located at Cold Spring, 75 miles away.

Our second summer on the homestead (1869) I had the fortune of buying a yoke of oxen for $12.00, one six and the other seven months old. A little yoke was soon made and training commenced, and in the latter part of the summer, I took my new team, a cross-cut saw, an ax, and an auger, went into the woods and in the late evening returned home with a brand new wagon drawn by my infant team. Very soon I found that they were able to pull a heavier load than I could pull myself, proud and happy as a pirate.

Since being the owner of 160 acres of land, a house, barn, and a shop, and 5 acres in field, team and wagon, the future commenced to look brighter. Mrs. Hedlund, always full of ambition and courage, quite frequently strapped our little one on her back, stepped onto her skis and slid off to some of our scattering neighbors miles apart, returning sometimes with a pail of milk, a roll of butter, a bundle of flour or some work to be done for our neighbors — always with a smile on her face, returning with some kind of honey to the hive.

In the spring of '73 we left the homestead and moved to Saint Cloud where we have spent the balance of our time, with the exception of 4 years we spent in Winnipeg, Manitoba. And during all those years, the band wagon has been rolling onward, sometimes on 4 and sometimes on 2 wheels, until this very day, when here we stand surrounded by 30 healthy, industrious, patriotic, law-abiding citizens of our adopted land, watching for and ready to aid to the welfare of their fast declining father and mother.

Regretful as we feel that we have not been able to accumulate any financial aid whereby we could gratify our beloved offspring, we feel, however, that we can lay down our life's toil with great satisfaction of having been able to plant this, our coming generation, in a soil filled with the very best of opportunities, freedom and prosperity in the world — the United States of America.

And now may I read you a poem I love — it is from an 1877 New York newspaper:

If men would cease to worry,
And women cease to sigh,
And all be glad to bury
Whatever has to die;
If neighbor spake to neighbor,
As love demands of all,
The rust would eat the saber,
The spear stay on the wall;
Then every day would glisten
And everyone would shine,
And God would pause and listen,
And life would be divine.

May God's blessing be with you and us all, now and forever, Amen.

In addition to his skills as a gunsmith and a writer, John Hedlund was an inventor; among his inventions were the tabulator stops for typewriters, the crank-type blackboard eraser-cleaner, and also he conceived the application of hydraulics to a car hoist which idea was stolen from him before he had opportunity to market it.

What's Happened to the Old Time Madstone

(Continued from page 41)

on the moors, the bottle opener could not be found. It had been forgotten. A pocket knife was used while one hunter held the bottle. The knife slipped and badly cut the man's hand. The wound was dressed but it continued to bleed profusely. The man was taken back to the Lockhart home and the Lee Penny was applied to the wound. The bleeding stopped and the following morning the wound was completely healed except for a small dry scar.

The Lee Penny is still famous in Scotland and is known as one of the world's most noted magic stones.

THE LATE Walter Caraway, a Strawn and Weatherford, Texas banker who was well known to me, owned a madstone which he kept in his safe deposit box at the bank. Caraway told me that his grandfather, B.C. Caraway, who ranched near Morgan Mill in Erath County, found the madstone in the heart of a milch cow. The animal was peculiarly spotted, the pattern of spots coinciding on either side of her body. Her hoofs turned outward, contributing to an odd stance. One evening the cow fell dead in the barnyard for no apparent reason. Curious to learn what had killed her, Caraway performed an autopsy and found two stones in the cow's heart, fastened together like a shell. They were chocolate in color. He put the stones on a stump to dry and several days later showed them to the family doctor. The doctor examined them carefully, then said to Caraway, "You have found a fortune. These are madstones." Caraway gave one of the stones to the doctor, who later sold his stone for a thousand dollars.

News of the Caraway madstone traveled by word-of-mouth from one community to another and soon people were coming to the Caraway home to have the stone applied to their wounds. All were cured with the exception of one young girl who had been bitten by a mad dog. Evidently her father had brought her to the Caraway madstone against his wishes. The stone adhered to the wound when applied, but the father soon pulled it off, saying, "This is tommy rot and superstition." He took the girl home, where she died of rabies several weeks later.

According to Caraway, in emergencies the madstone was first soaked in warm sweet milk, then placed on the wound. If it adhered, that meant there was poison to be drawn out. When the stone was applied the victim experienced a sucking sensation from the wound. The function of the madstone was to extract the poison by drawing it into itself. When the poison had been extracted the stone would fall off. Then it was re-soaked in warm sweet milk and a dark green scum, said to be the poison, formed over the milk. In some cases the stone might be applied several times, being soaked in warm sweet milk after each application.

When B.C. Caraway died, the stone passed on to the eldest son, W.M. (Doc) Caraway. When Walter's father inherited the stone as part of his share of the estate, it was valued at $800. Later it was inherited by Walter.

J. Frank Dobie wrote in *Madstones and Hydrophobia Skunks,* a Texas Folk-Lore Society publication, that skunks provoked more riding to madstones in the Southwest than bites from dogs, coyotes, cats, or any other animal. He told the story of some cowboys camped at Pecan Springs in the Devils River Country in South Texas, who were aroused by a commotion one night. A cowboy named Perrin was struggling with a skunk which was biting him on the nose. Finally ridding himself of the tenacious varmint, Perrin slung the animal to the ground with such force that he killed it. Because the animal omitted no fluid, they were sure it was rabid. Perrin was badly frightened, fearing he would suffer a horrible death.

One of the cowboys told him that the Bradford family in Menard, had a madstone and Perrin immediately saddled a horse and started for that town, some 125 miles away. He reached the madstone and it was applied to his badly injured nose. The stone drew out considerable poison as was seen on the milk in which the stone had been soaked. Perrin had no ill effects from the skunk's bite.

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It was a common belief that when bitten by a rabid animal the victim would not go mad for at least two weeks. Therefore he had time to travel several hundred miles if necessary, to reach a stone.

Dobie wrote that a Scotsman, Thomas CARSON, WHO OWNED A LARGE New Mexico ranch, wrote an account of one of his hands being bitten by a skunk. The man set off for Texas where at certain places he could rent the use of a madstone.

The *Galveston News* printed the following item May 3, 1879: "A man in town yesterday from the Pan Handle said he had been bitten by a mad dog and had ridden 350 miles in four days and nights, coming to a madstone here. The stone stuck nine times."

Successful madstone treatments were often reported in local newspapers during the seventies and eighties. The *Dallas Weekly Herald*, May 22, 1875, carried a front-page story about a man named James, a citizen of Fannin County, Texas, who was bitten by a mad dog on the streets of Sherman, Texas on April 2. As James walked down the street he was bitten on the leg by a dog whose mouth was white with froth. The dog was killed and James was urged to find a madstone for immediate treatment. A stone was owned by a Mr. McKinney in Collin County and was applied to the wound. It refused to adhere at first, but after the third day James began to suffer from a severe headache and his leg began to swell. The stone was applied again. This time it adhered to the wound and continued to do so for thirty-one hours. James felt no return of hydrophobia symptoms and "to the virtue of the stone he is, no doubt, indebted for his life."

It was said that during the forty-seven years that Mr. McKinney owned the stone it was applied 400 times to persons bitten by rabid dogs. All victims were cured except one. The writer of this article concluded: "We do not know how the Esculapian fraternity of the day regard madstones, but presume they consign it to the apron strings of 'old women doctors.' As for us, we cannot imagine a more striking proof of its efficacy than that adduced, which is strictly reliable."

Good results from madstone applications also were reported in Nevada, Missouri and Florida newspapers in 1888.

In her book, *No Life For a Lady*, Agnes Morley Cleaveland writes of "a haggard-looking man on a haggard-looking horse" riding up to her New Mexico ranch one day. Removing his hat, the stranger showed her two red marks on his forehead.

"A hybie-phobie skunk bit me," he said. "I am doomed to die of hybie-phobie. There's a madstone in Socorro, if I can git to it in time — but my horse is too tired to make it. I've been riding twenty hours."

Mrs. Cleaveland urged the exhausted rider to dismount and rest. She gave him a cup of coffee and told him to try to sleep a short while. Soon the rider was in a drugged-like sleep. Mrs. Cleaveland then rode into the pasture, caught a horse, brought it to the barn and saddled it. Awakening the stranger, she sent him on his way.

Several days later the man rode back to the Cleaveland ranch. He was quite animated, describing to Mrs. Cleaveland how Mr. Gleason, who owned the madstone, had applied it to his wound. "It begun to pull and kept on pullin' and I could feel that hybie-phobie pizen bein' pulled right out," he exclaimed. The man told her that the stone finally fell off, and Gleason soaked it in warm sweet milk. He then put the stone on the wound again. It stuck once again. "He done the same thing over again and again till it quit turnin' the milk green." He thanked Mrs. Cleaveland for the loan of a horse, saddled his own pony and rode contentedly away.

LELA MAY HARWELL of Granbury, Texas tells this story in a letter about her father who at age nine was bitten by a mad dog on the right wrist. He had gone to the woodpile to bring in wood for his mother, and did not see the dog as night was falling. The family lived near Commerce, Texas.

"It was well known that the doctor in Wolfe City, a nearby town, had a madstone. So one of my father's older brothers and a neighboring man rushed off on horseback to Wolfe City, only to find that the doctor had lent the stone to someone in Greenville. The riders hurried there, got the stone and rode back to the farm. I do not recall how long this trip took, but when they returned my father had a high fever and was violent, so much so that it took several members of the family to hold him on the bed. When the stone was placed on his wrist, he immediately became still and quiet, and fell asleep."

Lela Harwell added that the stone was kept on the wound for seventy-two hours, being pulled off several times, soaked in milk, then applied again. Her father never had any kind of problem or after effects from having been bitten by a rabid dog. "He lived a long, active life, dying in 1957," she wrote, "but a great many cattle in the area died as a result of that dog's bite."

It was my pleasure to locate an historic madstone in my native county of Palo Pinto in Texas only recently, and was still more exciting to hold the stone in my hand and imagine the many times it had been applied to mad dog bites during pioneer days.

This stone is owned by Ambrous Lee, former Chief of Police in Mineral Wells, and has been handed down to the eldest son in the Lee family for four generations. It was brought to Texas from Clark County, Illinois, during Republic days by Lee's great-grandfather, Will D. Lee, who became a Texas Ranger and Indian fighter.

After the Indians were gone Lee settled on the Brazos River near Mineral Wells in Palo Pinto County. It was soon learned that he owned a madstone, and neighbors and friends began coming to his home for treatment. Lee always remembered one particular case he treated. A little boy from Mineral Wells had been bitten by a mad dog and his father brought him to the Lee home. When the stone was applied it adhered so tightly that Lee could not pull it off. After a while it dropped off, was soaked in milk and reapplied, but refused to adhere. The milk in which the stone had been soaked had a heavy green scum over the top. The boy was soon full of life as usual.

Lee cherishes the stone as a family keepsake of pioneer days. He keeps it in his bank box and takes it out only on rare occasions. Yes, he would use the stone if bitten by a mad dog if Pasteur had not found a more modern cure for rabies.

Though contemporary society has seen little, if anything, of madstones who knows — they could come into their own again. The madstone might very well take the place in the current revolution toward a natural life style, including natural foods, organic medicine (herbs), and natural healing. A cross section of Americans is presently engaged in an effort to "protect against poison" (to borrow the meaning of the ancient bezoar), particularly from the intake of chemicals into our bodies. It would be just another step to apply a madstone, if one were available, to an infected sore or minor injury, to test its curative powers.

We might wish mightily to avoid painful innoculations if we were bitten by a rabid animal, but would we trust an organic object that far? Walter Caraway would have. Before he died, he told me, "If I am ever bitten by a mad dog, rattlesnake, or poisonous spider, the only treatment I want is that little stone placed on my wound. I know it will do the work."

Those who have inherited madstones treasure them and handle them reverently, still believing them to be shrouded in the mystery and magic of a bygone era.

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WINTERING AT THE TOBE SCHOOL

Thirty inches of snow can change the best laid plans

IN 1913 my family, the Lewis Bradleys, left a nice modern home in Rocky Ford, Colorado to go live on a claim I had taken in an isolated district in the southeastern part of the state. There was a primitive, one-room house on the place, as the claim had been taken up earlier and relinquished. To this ceiled frame room my brother Paul and my father added two stone rooms — a bedroom and a small kitchen. In back they built a fair-sized bunkhouse.

We had made this move to help Paul establish a ranch of his own. He had worked in this area as a cowboy for a number of years and had found the place where he wanted to start his ranch. At that time much of the land was still open range, and you could hold a good piece of the country by owning the water. We chose our claim so that we cut out a triangle between the joining of two canyons, with some water on it. Our land made one border and the canyons the other two.

My family, once quite well fixed financially, had now lost everything due to poor investments and depression times. I had applied for and been accepted for the teaching job at the Tobe School in that district. It was a dirt-floored, old adobe house about ten miles from our home, so my seventeen-year-old sister Dorothy and I had to "batch" in the schoolhouse. There was a small room at one end just big enough for a bed and a wooden box we used as a dresser.

The schoolroom was about ten by fifteen feet with two windows on the north side, one partly boarded up as the panes had been broken out and never replaced during the term. There were two doors on the south side with small panes in them. The dirt floor was not even smooth. Dottie used to say we'd fall off a caprock somewhere in that room.

There were no desks or seats. Each child provided his own, a box for a desk and one to sit on. The one Anglo family, the Smiths, with five school-age children ranging from the first grade to the eighth, provided a large, square dining table for their brood. I had a small, folding sewing table of my own for my desk.

The stove was one of those low, rectangular models with a door in the front and two holes on top. This served as a heater, and as our cook stove after school. The district furnished wood for the school day, but we were supposed to furnish our own for other than school hours.

I had six Mexican pupils but scarcely ever at any one time as they came when convenient, perhaps a few days one week and none the next, so each pupil had to be taught separately. Several were just learning to read and to learn numbers. The younger ones knew little, if any, English. Two or three of the older ones knew a little.

School started the first part of October. The pay was $50 a month. That was the sole income for our family most of the winter except for a little Paul got for pasturing thirty head of cows for Jake Like. He was trying to get the place going, building the extra rooms, fences, etc., so he didn't go out to work, which turned out to be fortunate.

Some of the family would bring us to school on Monday morning and come for us on Friday afternoon. The first week we were there Paul and a friend, George Barrington, came late in the evening and took us to a ranch dance at Jake Like's, which was a mile or so from the school. There were only twelve or fifteen people there, including the hosts, but one young man was interesting as he had previously lived in La Junta, and we knew many of the same people. In fact, when he had lived in La Junta he had roomed just across the alley. At the time I was eleven, and he was twenty-one. (A few years later he became a very important man in my life, but I didn't see him again for almost a year.)

During the school term we walked a mile to the Smiths' on Wednesday evenings to get the mail when the rural carrier came in a spring wagon from Trinchera, thirty miles away.

WE HAD only been in our new schoolhouse home about a month when Dot and I had a rather frightening experience for a couple of city girls. We were sitting in our little room one night working to get my clock together so it would run, when we heard a sort of a scream. Our dog, Jack, jumped up barking. Then came several of the most blood-curdling screams, which I decided were those of a panther, or mountain lion. Bessie, the oldest Smith girl, had just that day been telling me how they screamed like a woman.

Jack growled and whined, and the hair on his back stood straight up. Dottie was frantic, and I was afraid she was going to faint. I was scared too, but it was only going to make matters worse if she fainted, so I gave her a stern lecture and assured her that nothing was going to get us.

She calmed down then, but the thing had sounded awfully close and we both were rather nervous. We tried to read a while, hoping our excitement would pass and we would become sleepy. We didn't sleep very well that night, though, and sometime during the night howling coyotes or something awakened me, and I lay there wishing it wouldn't arouse Dottie and frighten her again. I felt sure there wasn't any real danger, but it was a rather unnerving experience for a couple of tenderfeet.

Since we went home on Fridays and returned on Monday mornings, we didn't keep much food on hand; and, besides, we had no place to keep things safe from mice. We brought bread from home and a piece of meat when it was to be had. We could buy a few staples from the Smiths if necessary as they had a small store, but we had little money to spare and our supplies were meager. We had a can of flour which hung from the rafters and some dry frijoles (pinto beans), sugar, etc., and sometimes some of Mama's canned fruit, or some dried fruit.

On December 5, Mother decided she would take us back to the schoolhouse in the little road buggy, visit Mrs. Smith during the day, spend the night with us and go home on Tuesday. On our way over it began to snow. Mama drove over to the Smiths' and spent part of the day, but she left the horse and buggy there and walked back to the schoolhouse that evening as we had no place to keep the horse.

The snow continued and became much worse. It snowed for five days, and the snow piled up to a depth of thirty inches or more, with some drifts but no bare ground to be seen anywhere. One of our doors had a drift as high as the roof in front of it, but for-

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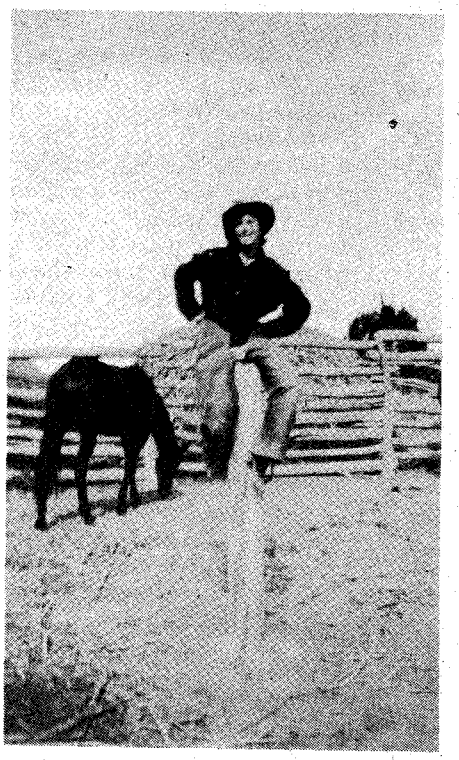
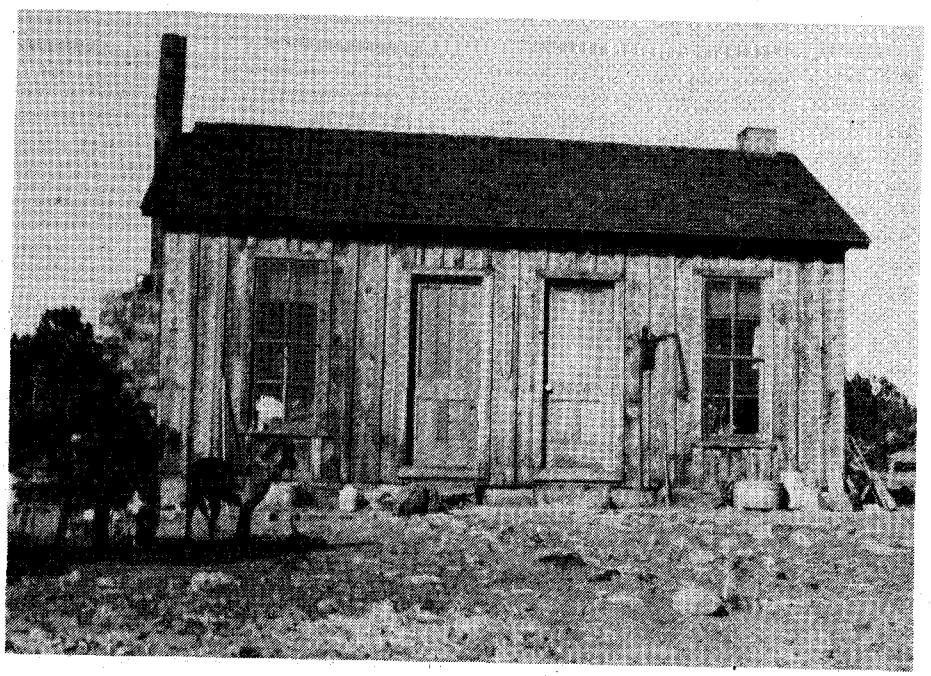
By ZITA P. LOUDEN
Photos provided by author



Left: Zita Bradley around 1913 when she taught at Tobe School. Above: Zita's sister Dorothy "Dot" Bradley on the corral snubbing post at the homestead.



Left: The small frame house on the relinquished claim taken by Zita Bradley in 1913. Above: Paul Bradley (seated) and "Dude" Corbin when cowboys for the JJ branch of the Prairie Land & Cattle Co., 1910.

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tunately we could get out the other. We had, of course, never experienced anything like this, so one day Dot and I thought we would go to the Smiths. We got about twenty-five yards, dropping above our knees every step, then turned around and made it back to the house almost exhausted.

One day before the storm was over, we heard voices like someone talking to a team of horses, and soon a wagon with two Mexican men and a woman appeared. They wanted to stay, but we told them this was a schoolhouse and they should go on about another mile to the Smiths'. The next day they came back. They said the bunkhouse there leaked, and they felt they weren't welcome, so we took them in.

Our dog, old Jack, was a real protector, although he wouldn't hurt anyone unless they came too close to us. Not knowing anything about these people, Mama showed them how he wouldn't let anyone hurt us. She walked up to Dot and took hold as if to shake her. The dog jumped up and put his paws on her shoulder and looked at her as if to say, "I don't want to hurt you, but don't do anything to Dot."

One of the men immediately said, "Me no *Mal hombre*. Me no hurt."

They were nice people, and they stayed two nights, as I recall. They put their bedrolls on the floor in the schoolroom at night and cooked *tortillas* on top of the stove and shared with us. Those *tortillas* tasted very good too, except that the kerosene they were hauling had tainted their flour. Dot and I tried to sling the dough on our hands as the woman did but were not very successful, much to their amusement.

They wanted to lighten their load before going on, so they left four sacks of flour, a grindstone, a large oak post, and perhaps a few other items. The flour was a godsend to us as our supply was very limited, so we commandeered one sack. Mother would make a sort of dough and after school or in the early morning baked biscuits on top of the stove. Cooking a meal was a real chore as the top never got very hot. We'd put coals out on the front ledge and cook a few things that way.

THE Smith children came to school on horseback the first day after the snow let up, and soon had a trail broken and packed down. They brought our horse back the first day, and I have never understood how they expected us to feed her as there wasn't a spear of grass to be seen. Every morning Mother would take a washpan full of flour and feed her. She also ate all the bark off the oak post.

On a Saturday Dot and I took some old shovels we found there, and in a spot back of the school where the snow was only a foot or so deep we tried to dig down to where we might find a mouthful or two of grass. The horse had stood at the door from the time they had brought her over. We finally managed to clear a piece of ground about eight feet square down to what grass there was, only to look up and see that she had wandered across an arroyo to the only bare spot to be seen anywhere — a bald knob with no grass on it. So there she stood with no food, and now we couldn't even get to her to take her flour.

That day around 5 p.m., dark at that time of year, we heard a sound as if something had hit the door at the west end of the house. I opened it, and Paul almost fell in, completely exhausted. The family, of course, had been worried about us as there was no way we could communicate, so as soon as it cleared Paul cut a piece of venison, saddled his horse and started out. But by the time he had gone a couple of miles his horse gave out completely. He unsaddled his horse, put his saddle on the fence outside the Benavidez place next to ours, and struggled on afoot another mile or so to Umbar Canyon. There he found a small cave, built a fire, cooked a piece of meat, and spent the night. The next morning he started out with five more miles to go, sinking down in the snow with every step. About 3 p.m. a wind out of the south came up, forcing him to face it the rest of the way.

The next morning Paul started home, taking the mare with him. He thought he could drive her ahead of him and she could break trail, but she refused. He told us later that he had to break trail for *her*.

During all this time we had to thaw snow for our water. We ordinarily got water from a pool in the arroyo which was now inaccessible. An unexplainable bit of luck was that there was a very good wash boiler at the school, and Mother would put it on the stove and keep it filled for washing, bathing, etc. I don't remember whether or not we brought extra underwear from home — we wore long union suits — since we expected to be home on weekends, but if we didn't our underwear would have been washed and dried at night. I do remember that Mother did some washings.

The mail came out on a sled made out of a wagon box the week after the snow quit. The Box Ranch, about fifteen miles northwest of us, had had the road dragged to their place as they had to have feed for their sheep, so the postmaster had insisted on the mail going out following the dragged road as far as it went on the route. Then there had been a few wagons over the rest of the route, including the people who had stayed with us and a fellow who had come to the Smiths' from down the road a way to get supplies. After the mail began to get through, we had the carrier bring us some canned milk and a few vegetables.

WE HAD BEEN about out of wood before the snow hit, and Paul had told us to use a little of the school's wood and he would go to Trinchera that week for supplies and on the way back bring us a load. Of course that became impossible. The school wood was dry pinon which was brittle and could be broken up easily without the need for a good axe.

Theodore, the oldest Smith boy, chopped the school wood, and he used an old axe that had been battered and bent back and forth until it had no real edge. One week after the road packed to the main road Mama and I took the battered axe and a rope and went beyond the "highway" where she choppped down a green cedar about four inches in diameter with the so-called axe. How, I'll never know. We then strapped it to me with the rope, and I dragged it to the school. Mother cut up that green wood for us to use, and if you have ever tried to burn green cedar (except for the needles) you know what kind of a fire we had.

Christmas was near, and I put up a Christmas tree Theodore had got for us. We made paper chains and lanterns to trim it. For Christmas dinner the Smiths sent us a small piece of meat to roast. One evening shortly before Christmas, Dot and I took a gunny sack and went to their house for the mail. We were happy to get a sackful, with some Christmas presents among other things. I don't remember exactly what I got except a large thermos jug from a boy friend, and two sterling silver spoons with fraternity insignia on them from another boy who was studying medicine at Vanderbilt University. The thermos was especially appreciated as during the week of Christmas vacation we would make coffee and fill it at night, put it on the box by the bed and in the morning stay in bed drinking coffee, eating graham crackers and laughing and talking and staying in bed as long as we could — sometimes until 10:30 or 11:00 o'clock — in order to keep warm.

On Christmas day Theodore came over with an extra horse and took me several miles over west to the home of a Mexican family where I asked the man if he would bring us a load of wood. He agreed, and a day or two later he came with five or six puny logs for which he charged five dollars. Now this doesn't sound like too much, but out of a fifty-dollar salary it is a

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lot. But there was nothing to do but pay him, and it had to do until Paul could finally get out with a load.

During this time my foster sister Viola, whom we called "Bidy," and her three children, age four, nine and eleven, had been isolated in her cabin about two miles from our claim. Her husband had gone to their former home in La Junta for supplies and on business matters and had been stranded there by the storm. After the storm was over a few days, she attached a rope to the ironing board on which she loaded the little one and some clothes, and she and the two oldest, Mac and Margaret, tramped over to our place where they stayed until her husband returned, afoot, the sixty miles from La Junta.

We often said they had the Christmas dinner as Bidy had cooked chicken and other goodies, while Mother, Dot and I had the presents and letters. Bidy didn't get their presents until much later.

Mother, who was a practical nurse, had promised a friend that she would be with her when her baby arrived. She had been her nurse two years before when she had a baby, fifteen years after her other children. So early in January Mother went out with the mail and took the train from Trinchera to Rocky Ford leaving Dot and me on our own again.

We were delighted one day to have Jesse Corbin, a cowboy friend of Paul's whom we knew, drop by. He was our only visitor during those months except Paul and, later, Grandfather Batterton. He was a great walker, so as soon as possible he began coming over after the mail on Friday afternoons.

FINALLY spring was on its way; snow was melting and water was running everywhere. The prairies had puddles of water between each tuft of grass. One Friday in March Dot and I decided we were going to walk home with Grandpa, so we had him wait for us until school was out at 3:30. As soon as classes were over we started out on our trek through mud and water and across two canyons, one rather deep. I only had rubbers, not overshoes, and they wouldn't stay on in that mud, so Grandpa slung them over his shoulder and carried them. We got home late in the evening, very tired and muddy, but so happy to be there after three months' absence.

Paul took us back to school in the wagon Monday morning, and we got home occasionally after that. It was the most beautiful spring I have ever seen. The grass was soon knee high, wild flowers bloomed everywhere, dozens of varieties, acres of Indian paint brush and Blue Beard tongue. The latter, (commonly called Bluebells by the natives), which usually grew ten to fifteen inches in height was measured at thirty inches that year. The snow was followed by abundant rains, so the water ran in the canyons and the waterholes were all full. With school out and the long, hard winter over, we could really appreciate the beautiful summer that followed.

In August, Dot and I rode over to the Likes' to visit their daughter Christine where we found Dick Louden and George Russell helping Mr. Jake cutting hay. This was our second meeting with them; at Likes.'

WE young people decided it would be fun to attend a Mexican dance at Troy, a little settlement about fifteen miles east along the mesa. Christine, George, Dottie, Dick and I were the only Anglos at the dance except Jay Brown and Bob Waldroup who had come across the mesa from over on the Cimarron in New Mexico. We had great fun, especially in the Mexican dance where the men all lined up against the wall — there must have been at least twenty — and when the fiddles and guitars played, the ladies danced down the line and were lustily swung by each man as they reached him. Boy, were we dizzy by the time we reached the end of the line!

Later in the summer Dick, who seemed to take a special interest in my welfare, rode over from his ranch about twenty miles from my home to ask if I would apply for the Colbert Canyon School. It paid $55, and I did get the job. I had had fun at the old Tobe schoolhouse, but it wasn't hard to bid it goodbye.

Hosstail's Small Talk

(Continued from page 3)

around.

"Years later, at school one day we were discussing plants and bugs, etc. My teacher was a man. He told us that absolutely *nothing* would eat a potato bug. Of course, I had to set him straight by telling my duck story. He threw back his head and laughed big. Teacher said that was the first time he'd ever hear of such a thing. He never did believe me, and I was considerably embarrassed. Know something? It still bothers me today. I hope you can publish this just to see how many others had ducks that ate potato bugs."

If you can help this dear lady out, write Lelia B. Caston, P.O. Box 95, Burnsville, MI 38833.

As I was saying, I get some unusual mail . . . see you later. — Hosstail

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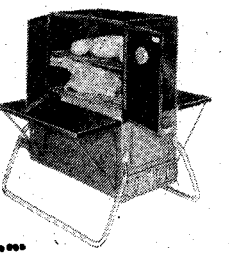

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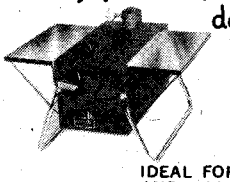

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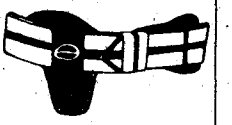

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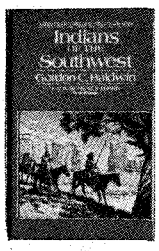

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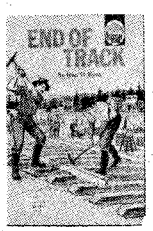

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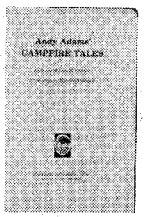

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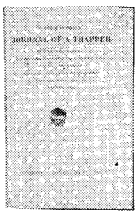

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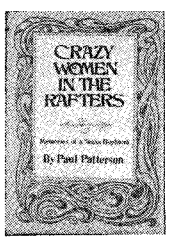

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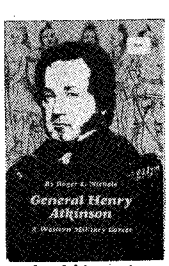

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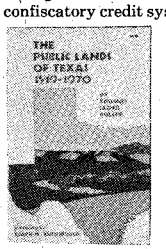

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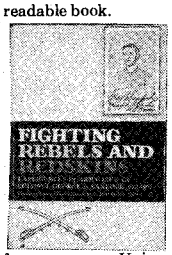

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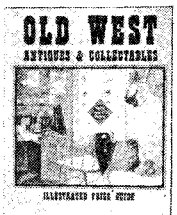

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NUGGETS

THE SILENT SURVIVOR

By Louise Grainger

HE WAS a horse of history, a silent witness to the last major victory of the North American Indian. The dust rose like smoke as the Indians swept down the hill, the hot summer air thick with their bloodcurdling battle cries. The warriors quickly encircled the five troops of the United States Cavalry, crushing everything in their path. They swarmed among the soldiers killing them with arrows, clubs and bullets, their war whoops accompanying the rattle of gunfire. In a short time it was all over — the slaughter was terrible — not one of the soldiers survived. It was June 25, 1876, that fateful day of the Custer Massacre.

The U.S. military had planned to trap the Sioux, the most ferocious of the Plains tribesmen, and force them back to their reserve. General John Gibbons was to come from the north, General Cook would march from the south, and General Custer would approach from north and east, until all were united where the Big Horn and Little Horn flowed together.

Custer, reaching the area first and encountering fresh signs of Sioux encampment, made the decision, despite the fatigue of his men and horses, to try to intercept the Sioux. Custer's hatred of the Indian clouded his judgment and spurred him on to attack without waiting for reinforcements. Outnumbered and outmaneuvered, Custer went down to defeat.

In his book, *Crazy Horse and Custer*, Stephen E. Ambrose wrote, "The Battle of the Little Bighorn had been a supreme moment in the life of the Sioux nation. Never before had the Sioux people been so united, nor would they be again. Never before had the Sioux warriors been so ably led, nor would they be again."

Many of the cavalry horses suffered the same fate as the soldiers but one, a gray nine-year-old, was caught and

Superintendent Walsh of the North West Mounted Police, 1880.

claimed as a prize of war. The Sioux had a reputation of fine horsemanship, and to them the horse was a measure of wealth. The life of a soldier's horse was a rough one. There were long marches, cold nights spent in the open. Sometimes they had little feed, but since a soldier's life often depended on his horse it had to have plenty of stamina. The gray's new Indian owner recognized the excellence of this well-trained horse.

SITTING BULL and his Sioux warriors were certain that the army had been crushed by this great defeat and felt that now they would be free to hunt as they wished, unmolested. However, their scouts brought word that the army was refitting and that bigger and stronger forces would soon be advancing upon them. Sitting Bull feared the "Long Knives" and knew that he could not fight the might of the United States Government, so he led his people across the International Boundary into Canada. The big gray went with them.

They camped near Wood Mountain where horse stealing and trading was a way of life. The Canadian settlers were worried about the influx of Indians, and the Canadian Indians resented this foreign intrusion on their hunting grounds. The *Manitoba Free Press* of March 5, 1877 published an article stating, "Sitting Bull with a large group of warriors and over one thousand horses, has crossed the border into Canada and a wave of fear hovers over the prairie communities." The Canadian government too became concerned as to how these thousands of Indians would find food.

The situation grew tense. Both American and Canadian authorities did their best to persuade Sitting Bull and his people to return to the United States. For four years Sitting Bull resisted but in 1881, tired of the cold winters and scarcity of food, Sitting Bull surrendered and returned to the States.

The gray gelding had traveled north with his Sioux owner but in the course of horse dealings was traded to a Metis at Wood Mountain. It was here that Superintendent Walsh, of the North West Mounted Police, saw this impressive animal. When he inspected the horse he knew from its U.S. brand that it was an army horse. Having seen the U.S. army carbines and scalps that Sitting Bull's men had and knowing from whence they came, Walsh correctly assumed that this horse had been a prize of battle. His offer to buy the horse was readily accepted.

Walsh then contacted General Terry of the United States Army, telling him of his recent purchase and as Peter

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Turner reported in "The North-West Mounted Police, 1873-1893," offered to hand the magnificent animal over to the cavalry if requested but "that to be permitted to keep this old trooper which has come so strangely into my hands, would be a great pleasure."

Superintendent Walsh was soon notified that the gray was his, and so this horse of adventure who started his career with the United States Army became the personal saddle horse of a Canadian policeman. Walsh had long admired the courageous Custer and in his honor named the gallant animal "Custer." He was stabled with the rest of the Mounted Police horses and was given the best of food and care. Here he lived out his life in style and comfort, a fitting retirement for an old veteran of the Indian Wars.

LIVING "CORPSE" JOLTS MURDERER

By Daniel Woods

JOE SLANK ran a good-sized cow outfit on the Arizona slope, while over on the New Mexico side Billy Melan ran a smaller outfit. By trail, over the mountains, the two ranches lay about twelve miles apart. Slank was married and had two boys, ten and twelve. Melan was a rather crusty middle-aged bachelor and ran his place pretty much alone.

There seemed to be nothing but friendship between Melan and Slank, yet all the time Melan was chipping away at Slank's outfit, picking up a calf whenever he could and practically living on Slank's beef. He was ashamed of the way he was doing his neighbor, but like a confirmed kleptomaniac, he could not make himself quit.

The big showdown came one day when Slank rode out into a small tree-enclosed park near the Divide and surprised Melan burning his B. M. brand on the flank of one of Slank's calves. There was no mistake about it for the mother cow, with Shank's J. S. brand showing plainly on the ribs, was tied to a tree nearby and was struggling to go to her bleating offspring.

Melan was quick-acting and impetuous and, with automatic reaction, he dropped the running iron, snatched out his pistol and fired at Slank before he realized who it was. The bullet struck his neighbor in the upper chest and came out close to the backbone near the neck. Slank tumbled from his horse apparently dead.

Melan was stunned when he saw he had killed Slank. He walked over, looked at the body, and cursed himself for ever having started long-roping on his neighbor; but now it was too late to change anything.

He decided he would have to bury the body somewhere and he tried to catch Slank's horse on which to pack the corpse, but the black horse trotted away in the brush, spooked from the shooting.

Melan lashed the body across his own saddle and started off toward an outcropping of rocks in hopes of finding a cave to serve as a grave.

High on the broken mountain crest, over a mile from the scene of the shooting, he found a cave in the rocks. Lifting Slank's still limber body from his horse, he worked it into a crevice and proceeded to cover it with bear grass and pine limbs and dead branches, held down by a few loose rocks.

Then Melan mounted his horse and turned back to where the cow and calf were still tied. Melan killed the calf and hid it and turned the old cow loose. He realized he had better act that night in case of an investigation. He didn't reach his own cabin until after dark, still hating himself for his murderous act, but realizing now that it was done he would have to conceal his crime.

IN THE MEANTIME there came a cold rain which penetrated the brush and grass that covered the body of John Slank in his rocky grave. The "corpse" began to show signs of life.

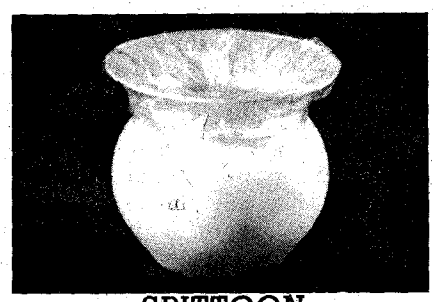
He was not dead, or even dangerously wounded if he could get proper attention within a reasonable time. The bullet had penetrated the flesh near his left shoulder, glanced off the bone, and in coming out had grazed the spine near the neck in such a manner as to paralyze him temporarily.

The hour or two he had lain in the crevice had caused an easing of the paralysis, and the cold rain had revived him. He soon worked his way out and started home. It was about a five-mile walk in very disagreeable weather.

By the time he reached the flat where he had been shot, Slank was dizzy and tired and began to wonder if he could make it. As he headed on, he heard a horse nicker nearby. He found his own horse in a thicket with the reins entangled in the brush.

"Thank God, you're still here, old pony!" Slank exclaimed as he petted the horse. Freeing him from the brush the wounded man mounted carefully and headed for home in the heavy rain now coming down.

Although weak from the loss of blood, John Slank finally made it to the ranch and was dismounting to open the gate into the home yard when a young Mexican, Juan Salazar, rode by. Not noticing anything wrong with Slank he merely shouted, "Hello, Mis-



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ter Slank," and continued on his way.

Fortunately Slank's wife, Mary, saw her husband open the gate, then drop the reins and half stagger toward the house. She knew something was wrong and called her two boys to come help. Together they got him in the house where she could care for his wounds as best she could.

Juan Salazar rode on up the mountain trail beyond Slank's ranch in the heavy rain. After dark he stopped at Melan's cabin, where he knocked on the door, announced his name, and was invited in.

Bill Melan seemed nervous and on edge but kept up a conversation with Juan, whom he invited to share supper and stay all night.

DURING the meal Juan stated that he had come by Slank's ranch and saw Mr. Slank leading his horse through the gate. Juan said, "I just hollered at him and came on."

"What's that?" Melan exclaimed. "You saw John Slank going through the gate as you came by? Are you sure it was John?"

Surprised by Melan's excited query, Juan said, "Why, sure, it was John. He was riding the black horse. He was maybe a little tired and slumped over, but it was Mister Slank."

Next morning at breakfast, Melan gave Juan a $20 gold piece and a sealed envelope. "Take this to Slank and keep the $20," he told Juan.

Juan was agreeable. When he arrived at the ranch Mrs. Slank took him into the bedroom. Juan handed over the envelope which Slank took with one free hand.

"What's the matter, Mister Slank?" Juan asked.

"I got lead poisoning," Slank grinned as his wife opened the envelope and handed him two papers.

The first was a brief letter. It read: "John, I've been doing you bad for years. I'm glad I didn't kill you. I'm leaving the country and you'll never hear from me again. I've got money in the Lordsburg Bank and I'm going there now. The B. M. outfit is yours to partly make up for what I did. The bank will identify my signature." (Signed) William E. Melan.

The second paper was a roughly drawn Quit Claim Deed to the B. M. brand and ranch holdings, but it was legal enough. "I didn't mean to kill you. I was surprised and shot too quick. I'm sorry."

"Well, I'll be damned," said Slank and dropped the papers. "Guess he didn't mean to murder me after all. I caught him by surprise."

"Ha!" Juan exclaimed. "So Bill Melan shot you eh? I'm glad you're still alive, Mister Slank."

"Yeah, Thanks, Juan, so am I," Slank said. "But keep it under your hat for a while."

"Sure," Juan agreed. "Me, I got *de beeg sombrero.*"

APOSTROPHE TO A MULE

Doubtless most of us have heard this tale of what a man once said to his mule. We don't know who wrote it so we can't give him credit. But since the "hee-haw" has made his comeback on the farm as well as in politics we believe our readers will enjoy it. So here goes.

Over the hill trailed a man behind a mule drawing a plow. Said the man to the mule: "Billy, you are just a mule, the son of a jackass, and I am a man made in the image of God. Yet here we work, hitched up together year after year. I often wonder if you work for me or I work for you. Verily I think it a partnership between a mule and a fool, for surely I work as hard as you, if not harder. Plowing or cultivating we cover the same distance, but you do it on four legs and I on two. I, therefore, do twice as much as work as you do.

"Soon we will be preparing for a corn crop. When the crop is harvested I give one-third to the landlord for being so kind as to let me use a small speck of God's earth. One-third goes to you and the rest is mine. You consume all of your portion with the exception of the cobs, while I divide mine among seven children, six hens, two ducks, and a banker. If we both need shoes, you get 'em. Bill, you are getting the best of me, and I ask you, is it fair for a mule, the son of a jackass, to swindle a man — the Lord of Creation — out of his substance?

"Why, you only help to plow and cultivate the ground, and I alone must cut, shock and husk the corn while you look over the pasture fence and hee-haw at me. All fall and most of the winter the whole family, from the baby up, picks cotton to help raise money to pay taxes and buy a new set of harness and pay the mortgage on you. And what do you care about the mortgage? Not a thing, you ornery cuss. I even have to do the worrying about the mortgage on your tough, ungrateful hide.

"About the only time I am your better, is on election day, for I can vote and you can't. And after election I realize that I was fully as big a jackass as your papa. Verily, I am prone to wonder if politics were made for a man or a jackass, or to make jackasses of men. And that ain't all, Bill. When you're dead that's supposed to be the end of you. But me? The preachers tell me that when I die I may go to hell forever. That is, Bill, if I don't do just as they say. And most of what they say keeps me from getting any fun out of life.

"Tell me, Willyum, considering these things, how can you keep a straight face and still look so dumb and solemn?"

From *Adventure* Magazine, 1931; courtesy K. E. Bloom, 4038 Brown Avenue, Oakland, California 94619

HAROLD LLOYD WAS NATIVE NEBRASKAN

FILM STAR Harold Lloyd, born in Nebraska, entertained early American moviegoers with his portrayals of an earnest, bumbling young man trying to extricate himself from impossible situations. Lloyd's trademark was his hornrimmed pair of spectacles which he wore in each of his films.

Beginning his film career in the early 1920s, Lloyd performed in such silent film classics as "Grandma's Boy," "The Freshman," and Safety Last." When sound was introduced, he continued his career with such talkies as "The Cat's Paw," "Movie Crazy," and "Professor Beware." He retired in 1938, emerging briefly in 1950 to film "Mad Wednesday."

Lloyd was born April 20, 1893, in Burchard, Pawnee County. His father, J. Darsie Lloyd, moved the family to Humboldt when Harold was three years of age. The Lloyds later lived in Colorado, Pawnee City, Beatrice, and Omaha.

The October 27, 1929, *Omaha World-Herald* includes Lloyd's account of his childhood introduction in Nebraska to acting and motion pictures:

"Pawnee [City] is the first city in which I ever saw a motion picture, as far as my memory recalls. It was 'The Great Train Robbery' and was the feature of a medicine show . . . I got my first taste of theatricals there. For a compensation for opening and closing the lobby doors of the opera house we were permitted to see the shows . . .

"It was in Beatrice that I first stepped on the stage of a theater. A Shakespearean repertoire company, making a series of one-night stands between Denver and Omaha, stopped off in Beatrice. Like all companies of that nature, it filled its super and kid list from the townspeople. The play was 'Macbeth.'

"Gaylord, my older brother, was prop boy and general utility man at the opera house and promptly pressed me into the services of the company. I was to run across the stage and scream two lines, 'Help! Help!' In rehearsals I

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was great. I was a good bet in a yelling contest that afternoon. But that night, the story was different. When I stepped out back of the footlights and saw the crowded house, my tongue just froze. I was dumbstruck and an embarrassing moment was avoided for all concerned when someone off-stage took up the hollering where I was supposed to begin . . .

"The Beatrice performance of 'Macbeth' was an incident; the curtain really rose for me one day about 1906 in Omaha . . . Here I met [actor] John Lane Connor and during an hour's talk I confided that I was crazy to go on the stage and had had a little experience. It developed that Connor was fed up on theatrical hotels and restaurants and was looking for room and board in a private home. Unhesitatingly, I invited him to lodge with us . . . Thereafter, while he remained in Omaha, Connor lived with us and when the Burwood Company played a bill requiring a boy I was the boy. When more than one boy was needed I supplied others from my friends.

"My debut with the Burwood Company was in 'Tess of the d'Urbervilles,' in the fat part of Abraham, Tess' little brother . . . . Overeager on the first night I made my first entrance 10 lines too soon and interrupted a tender love passage. Ingraham [stage manager] saw and tore his hair, but, trouper that I was, I drifted backstage to a property wheelbarrow against the back drop, examined it with a counterfeited boyish interest and, as my proper cue approached, picked up a property flower, smelled it and dropped it in Tess' lap — all to Ingraham's profound relief. An indulgent critic wrote in the *World-Herald:* 'The part of Tess' little brother was well done by Master Harold Lloyd, who demonstrated that he has a dramatic instinct which will doubtless carry him on to success in the histrionic art.' "

Lloyd did achieve "success in the histrionic art," climbing from bit parts as a $3-per-day extra in Hollywood's budding movie industry to stardom. His 32-room Italian Renaissance mansion in Beverly Hills, California, became a showplace. Lloyd died in Beverly Hills in March of 1971 at the age of 77. — *Courtesy Nebraska State Historical Society, Lincoln.*

HORSE THIEF APPREHENDED

DANIEL WILLIAM JONES, deputy marshal of Caldwell, Kansas, apprehended a horse thief in the course of his duties as a peace officer in that frontier town in July 1880, and the Caldwell *Commercial* reported the arrest on July 22:

"There was quite a little flurry of excitement at the Eldorado stables yesterday morning, caused by the arrest of a horse thief. The thief's name is D. Waterman, and the horse was stolen on Monday night from a man named J. C. Brain, living between Winfield and Arkansas City. Brain discovered the loss of the animal some time during the night, and at once sent parties out to catch the thief and recover the property. Among those who started out were C. McKerlie and D.W. Ramage.

"They struck Waterman's trail at Arkansas City, followed him from there to Caldwell, reaching here about dark, some three or four hours after Waterman had arrived and put up his horse at the Eldorado stables. Finding the man and horse both here, and not likely to get away, they waited until yesterday morning before taking in the outfit.

"At daylight Waterman concluded it was about time for him to start out, and mounting his horse, put out for the north. Ramage and McKerlie immediately went in search of a policeman, and finding Dan Jones, pursuit was given and the thief overhauled before he had time to get any distance from town.

"Waterman owns up to the theft and says he stole the horse because he was broke and wanted to raise a stake. And he succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations. He will be staked to a few years grub and hard work under the fostering care of the State institution near Leavenworth." — *Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka.*

Western Book Roundup

(Continued from page 25)

The stunts described helped to enforce legends about cowboys in the American West late in the 19th and early 20th centuries. They are described in six chapters, one chapter for each type.

Chapter one is "Trick and Fancy Roping." Chapter two is "Rope Fun" while chapter three is "Fast Draw, Gun Spinning, and Fanch Shooting. Chapter four is "Whip Popping," and chapter five is "Knife and Edged-Weapon Throwing." Chapter six is devoted to the rodeo and "Wild West Clown."

The introduction was written by Will Rogers, Jr. And the book is illustrated by many old photos and drawings. An index is included. Recommended.

CUSTER

Custer and the Great Controversy by Robert M. Utley (Westernlore Press, P.O. Box 4304, Catalina Station, Pasadena, Calif. 91106, $8.50 hardcover, 184 pages, 8½ x 5½ inches).

This is a reprint (limited to 1,500 copies) of a book first published in 1962. The author, who recently retired as Chief Historian of the National Park Service, wrote this book after serving six years as Ranger-Historian at the Custer Battlefield National Monument in Montana.

Utley examines in some detail the origin and development of the Custer legend. The book is divided into six chapters and begins with the story of the battle. Next comes a chapter describing how the press covered the battle. The third chapter looks at the debate over who was responsible for the "tragedy," a debate that began soon after the battle. Chapter four looks at the legend that evolved from the press coverage, the debate, and other things. Chapter five is a helpful bibliographical survey covering source material published between 1876 and 1900.

Many historic photos are included along with maps, a bibliography, and index. The 1962 edition has been out of print for many years and is much sought after. This reprint edition probably will become a collector's item

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among both casual and serious Custer followers. Recommended.

SHOOTING

The Book of Shooting For Sport and Skill edited by Frederick Wilkinson (Crown Publishers Inc., One Park Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016, $19.95 hardcover, 352 pages, 8 x 10 inches).

Any reader interested in shooting rifles and/or pistols will find much of interest in this new book. It contains articles on shooting written by nearly two dozen experts from the United States and England.

The book focuses on shooting for sport and skill under both United States and International rules. It covers such diverse sports as small-bore and centrefire pistol shooting, practical pistol shooting, combat shooting, metallic silhouette shooting, bench rifle rest shooting, high power rifle and three position rifle shooting. Even air rifle shooting is included.

Each of the book's twenty-two chapters is devoted to one aspect of shooting. And the first chapter details the evolution of the gun. Another covers the care and maintenance of firearms. And there is a chapter on ammunition, ballistics and reloading, and a well-illustrated chapter on equipment and accessories of the sportsman.

The last chapter touches on the law and the gun. British, Scottish and American gun laws are discussed. The book is well-illustrated and a good index is included at the end. Recommended.

INDEX

Index — True West, Frontier Times, Old West (Western Publications, 700 East State St., Iola, Wis. 54990, $7.95 heavy paper wrappers, 482 pages, 8½ x 11 inches).

On a shelf behind this reviewer's desk is a dusty copy of a 64-page index to *True West* and *Frontier Times* magazines published in 1962. The index has become yellow with age. It has been invaluable through the years in looking up factual accounts of Western history that appeared in the magazines. But as the years went by it was hoped that someone would bring the index up-to-date. After all, countless articles of historic value have appeared in the magazines since 1962.

When the postman brought a review copy of the new *Index,* this reviewer could not keep from smiling ear to ear. The new *Index* is a researcher's dream. It not only includes the complete listings for *True West* (from 1953 to 1979), *Frontier Times* (from 1957 to 1979), but a complete listing of material published in *Old West* magazine (from 1964 to 1979).

And the people who produced the new index did it right. They broke down the contents of the three magazines by article titles and authors; maps, photographs, and illustrations; plus the columns "Trails Grown Dim" and "Letters to the Editor." And then, of very special interest to the Old Bookaroos, a complete listing of the countless book reviews that have appeared in the three magazines.

The existence of this comprehensive index will no doubt increase the value of *True West, Frontier Times,* and *Old West* magazines in the eyes of amateur historians and scholars alike. The new *Index* is a significant contribution. Highly recommended.

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 5)

April 15, 1799 in Virginia and died April 17, 1862 in Miller County, Missouri. Jane was born July 29, 1809 in Tennessee and died September 8, 1889 in Miller County, Saline Township, Missouri. The 1840 census shows them with three children. The 1850 census lists five children, Leonard 16, Julia 14, Mary 9, Tennessee 6 and Presley 4. The 1860 census shows four children at home (Leonard and Julia gone), Frances aged four is added. I have a copy of James' will and the inventory of his estate. I also have receipts showing James Colbern bought land in Cole and Miller Counties during 1836-1854 amounting to 819 acres.

In 1874 Leonard Preston and Presley Colbern moved to Oregon, traveling the Bitterroot route through Montana. In seven years my great-grandfather moved to the Gallatin Valley in Montana and homesteaded at Salesville (now Gallatin Gateway). Leonard Preston Colbern was born September 7, 1833 and died August 26, 1897 at Bozeman, Montana. He married Catherine East Lyda in 1859. She was born April 14, 1840 at Atlanta, Missouri and died April 4, 1917 at Bozeman.

James and Jane Colbern's children married the following who may still be living in the Missouri area: Margret Elizabeth, born March 14, 1830 married David Neely, born February 10, 1845 in Miller County, Missouri. Julia Ann Colbern, born November 10, 1836, married William Powers on June 20, 1859 in Franklin County, Missouri. Mary C. Colbern, born September 19, 1841, married Joel B. Crowder on January 8, 1863 in Morgan County, Missouri. Virginina Tennessee Colbern, born March 11, 1844, married Joseph Adock on August 24, 1866 in Miller County. Presley Edward, born December 5, 1846 married Amanda Mosely on October 12, 1873. Francis Aclea (Fanny) born August 4, 1851, married Shelby O'Neal on February 21, 1867 in Miller County.

Any information on these people would be of great value to me. — Marietta Roth, 27230 SR 9 NE, Arlington, Washington 98223

Beck - Hamilton - Mahurin

My great-grandfather Henry E. Beck, name of places of birth and death not known, married Charlotte Hamilton, possibly in Illinois. A daughter, Lulu Arietta Beck, was born October 26, 1862 in Peoria, Illinois. After her mother's death she was taken by Charlotte's twin sister to Waterford, Pennsylvania to be raised. The twin was Harriet Hamilton Arnet (t). It is not known if the Becks had other children or if Henry remarried. About 1870 he apparently went to Colorado to the mining areas of Cripple Creek and Leadville.

My aunt told me he was not successful in mining. He may have been involved in some kind of accident with a shooting. He may have been in real estate, was a news dealer, notary, was in general merchandise and at one time was a justice of the peace and postmaster at Pitkin, Colorado. He was a member of the Masonic Lodge in Gunnison and Pitkin. He may have died in that area round 1907-1913 and is buried there. His daughter married Charles L. Donaldson of Erie. They had two daughters, Ferne Miriam and my mother, Jessie Dean.

I am also searching for information on the parentage of William Mahurin and his wife Caroline Cyrena Cox. These are my husband's great-grandparents. William was born in Fannin County, Texas sometime between 1837 and 1847 and died about 1908 in Nevada. His father's name may have been Thomas and his birthplace Kentucky, or he may have lived there after arriving from Scotland. William mined for gold in California and Nevada. He was a mining engineer and it was told that he made the largest strike for the Standard Oil group at Goldfield. He discovered the Eclipse, Homestake, and other mines in California. His wife was born in Missouri about 1855. Her father was born in Ohio and her mother in Missouri. James Cox, a brother of Caroline's, married Martha Mahurin, sister to William? They had daughter, Elizabeth, who married a Garret.

Any help will be greatfully appreciated and I will share information and answer all letters. — Mrs. James C. (Ginny) Mankins, P.O. Box 576, Santa Maria, California 93456.

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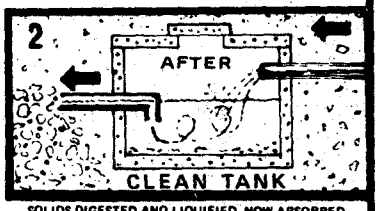

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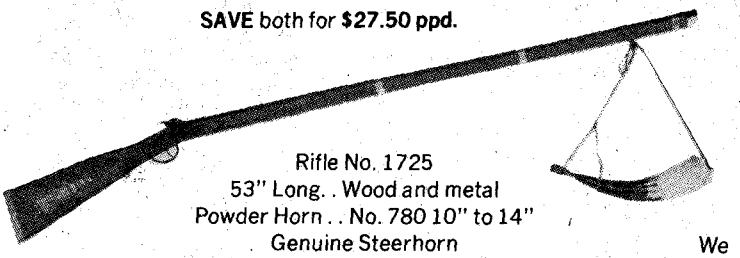

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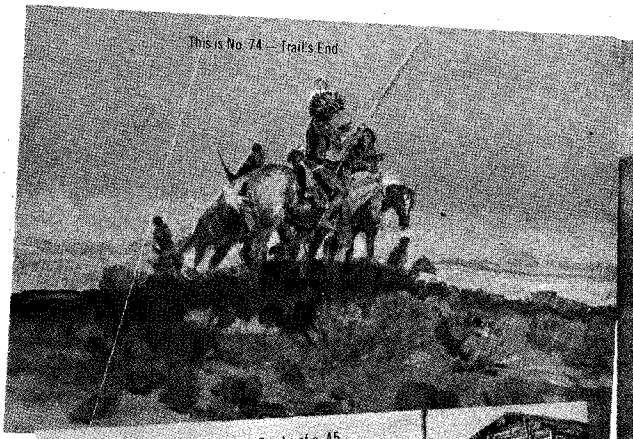

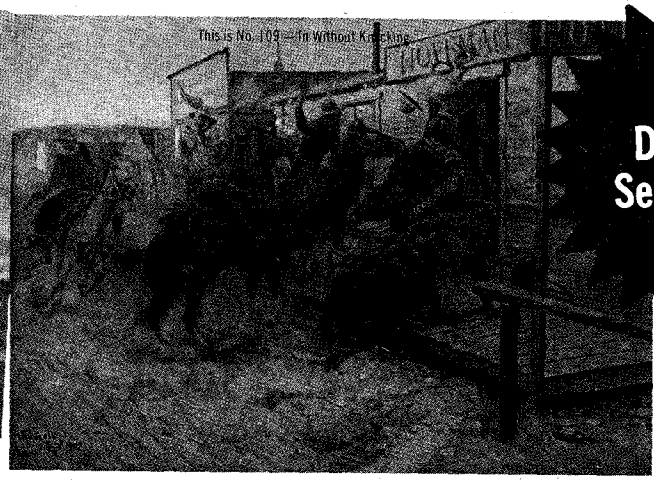

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